



THE H. BARTLETT NOVELTY CO. N.Y.

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ENG. & PTG. CO. N.Y.



# A MARVELLOUS ELECTRICAL EFFECT.

[From the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, August 8, 1885.]

"Travellers familiar with the chief holiday haunts of the Continent are unanimous in declaring that the Pleasure Gardens of Europe afford no sight so bewitchingly beautiful as the dazzling spectacle of the illuminated grounds and rainbow fountains of the South Kensington Exhibitions. London has taken so naturally to the open-air concerts held in this lamp-lit pleasance, that it is hardly possible the metropolis will henceforth do without this delightful form of Summer recreation. The 'Fairy-land Concert' has become an institution in the Capital; and it would indubitably enhance the sum total of national enjoyment were this Volksgarten to be established in every town in the Kingdom."

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"Scarcely have the thousands of visitors got over the pleasurable surprise occasioned by the magic illumination when a fresh—and very refreshing—pleasure bursts upon their sight. Still up aloft in his eyrie, Sir Francis Bolton touches a fresh spring or so, and a towering stream of water, radiant with silvery light, spurts up from the centre island of the large basin, and is followed quickly by other dazzling jets, the surrounding islets paying tribute to the grand central fountain with minor jets. Exclamations of 'Oh!' from the delighted throngs below. The Wizard above—sure he has his admiring thousands in his grasp—never lets them relax their attention till his duty is discharged. Sir Francis Bolton plays on his piano with the zest and aplomb of Rubinstein. Dash, dash on two notes, and the lofty central streams change from silvery hue to a lovely ruby and cerulean blue! A telephonic word of command to the electric-light wielder in the tower above the signal-box—and a cross-beam is shot to the topmost curves of the red and blue jets, and the countless drops fall like brightest brilliants—to the rapturous delight of the spectators."

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## THE CREATION OF LIGHT.

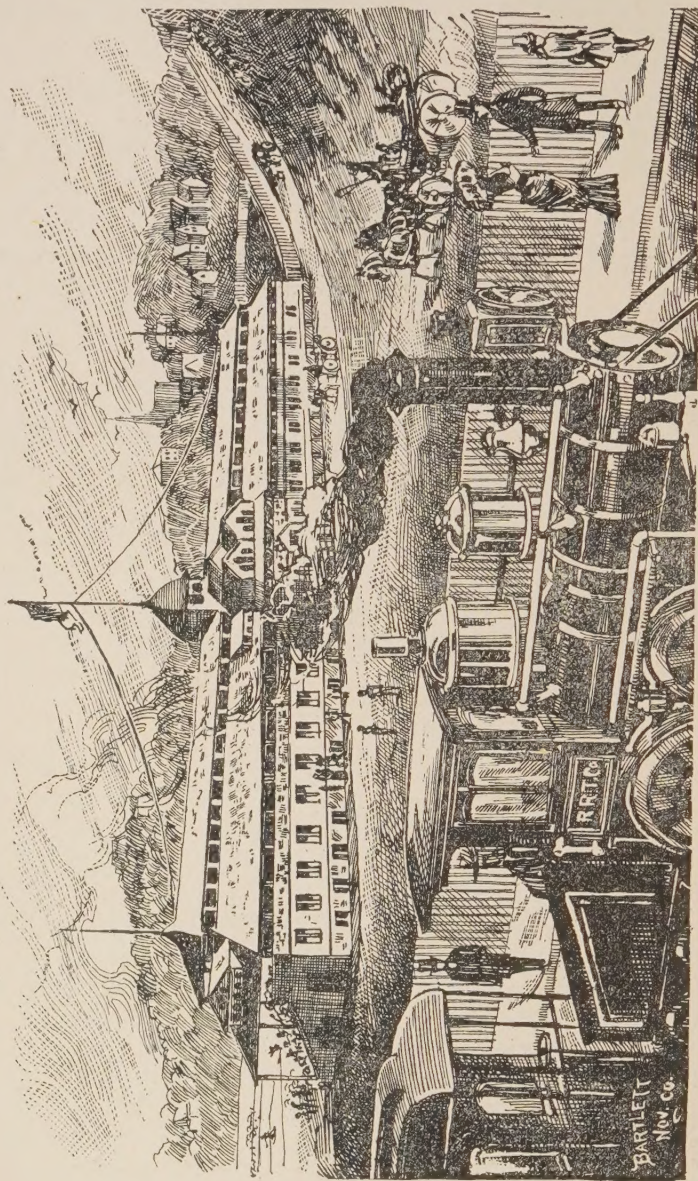
A most instructive feature in the Exhibition at Saint George will be the opportunity afforded to inspect the novel machinery required for the production of such vast quantities of artificial light. The Machinery Hall, at the southwest corner of the grounds, contains a great variety of Engines, Dynamos, and other appliances in full motion, an inspection of which will, in a few minutes, convey more information than hours of reading. But perhaps the most novel part of the visit is the descent, by the sub-way, to the strange area below the fountains themselves. The most ample provision has been made for this inspection, and a constant stream of visitors can be accommodated to view a spectacle the like of which has never been seen in this country. Speaking of the visit to the spaces below the London fountains, *The London News* said:

"A deep descent brings us to the entrance of a long tunnel leading beneath the water basin. He who would find truth at the bottom of the well must traverse this tunnel, at the end of which a marvellous spectacle bursts upon the eye. Circular pieces of thick glass are let into the roof. A slide of the desired color—red, blue, green, mauve, or yellow—is pushed under the glass on receipt of the signal; and an immensely powerful electric light is shot up from below, illuminating the lofty jet of water in the beautiful manner that delights thousands and thousands nightly, as eloquently testified by the general buzz of admiration throughout the grounds.

"From this central point, but below the water, are also worked automatically the illuminated fountains from the subsidiary islets already referred to; and it is really a marvel of ingenuity and careful organization on the part of those who have devised so admirably effective a plan of electric illumination."







PARTLETT  
NEW YORK

\* GRAND STAND & RAPID TRANSIT R.R.



## INTRODUCTION.

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A HILLY Island, covered with virgin forest, through which deer, bear, and panther roamed at will ; surrounded by waters teeming with fish ; inhabited by the peaceful Raritans — a branch of the Leni-Lenape nation — whose wigwams dotted the shores ; this was “Aquehonga Manacknong” — the STATEN ISLAND of to-day, when on that memorable September day of 1609 a boat's crew pulled away from the *Half Moon*, then anchored in Sandy Hook Bay, to explore the harbor, and the mouth of the river, to which their master, Hudson, gave his name. They were peaceable folk, these Indians, subsisting upon such game and water-fowl and fish as the men could provide, and the maize and beans cultivated by the women — still they could not resist the temptation of shooting at something strange, and when the *Half Moon's* boat pulled back to the ship, it carried a dead Englishman, perforated by an arrow.

Perhaps it was in revenge that Hudson, with the whole, musical Delaware vocabulary to select from, gave the Island its present name.

However, though the virgin forests have been succeeded by trees of younger growth, and the Indians have departed to the happy hunting-grounds, and their wigwams at the waterside have been replaced by modern villas and cottages and hotels, there is surely no spot near New York to which Dame Nature has been quite so kind as to this same Staten Island. Over thirteen and a half miles long, and nearly eight in breadth at its widest part, the Island covers about twenty-seven square miles, or, say something over 17,000 acres, a very fair German principality ; and while New York, since its foundation, has covered its island with houses, and passed the million mark in population, Brooklyn and Jersey City arising and growing proportionately, and forcing their workers into “flats” and tenement-houses, the beautiful shores and hills and valleys of Staten Island, peopled by a bare fifty thousand contented souls, still retain most of their pristine natural charms.

High wooded hills look down upon fertile valleys, picturesque lakes, and brawling streams, and from their tops offer wide-spreading views of land and water — cities and rivers and harbor and sea. On the well-built drives, which, bordered by villas and cottages and farmhouses, lead from village to village

over the length and breadth of the Island, and along the lines of the railroads which now all but encircle it, there is not a half mile which does not show to the visitor something pleasing to the eye or fancy. And what with the healthful, uncontaminated breezes from the bay, abundant pure spring water, widely distributed by a good system, unexcelled religious and educational advantages, and good government, it would be hard to find a more delightful pleasure-ground and dwelling-place for the tired workers of a great city.

That with all the advantages which it offers as a place of residence to the overcrowded population of New York, the development of Staten Island has, hitherto, progressed so slowly, may be accounted for in several ways. Though lying but five miles southwest of the Battery—the southernmost point of New York—its peculiar shape, which has been likened to that of a leaf, had the effect of diverting the traffic into two channels, one along that edge known as the East Shore, the other to the side known as the North Shore, and of almost completely separating the dwellers on one shore from those on the other. This made needful the employment of two distinct lines of steamers, which, while neither particularly swift nor commodious, were still vastly expensive to maintain.

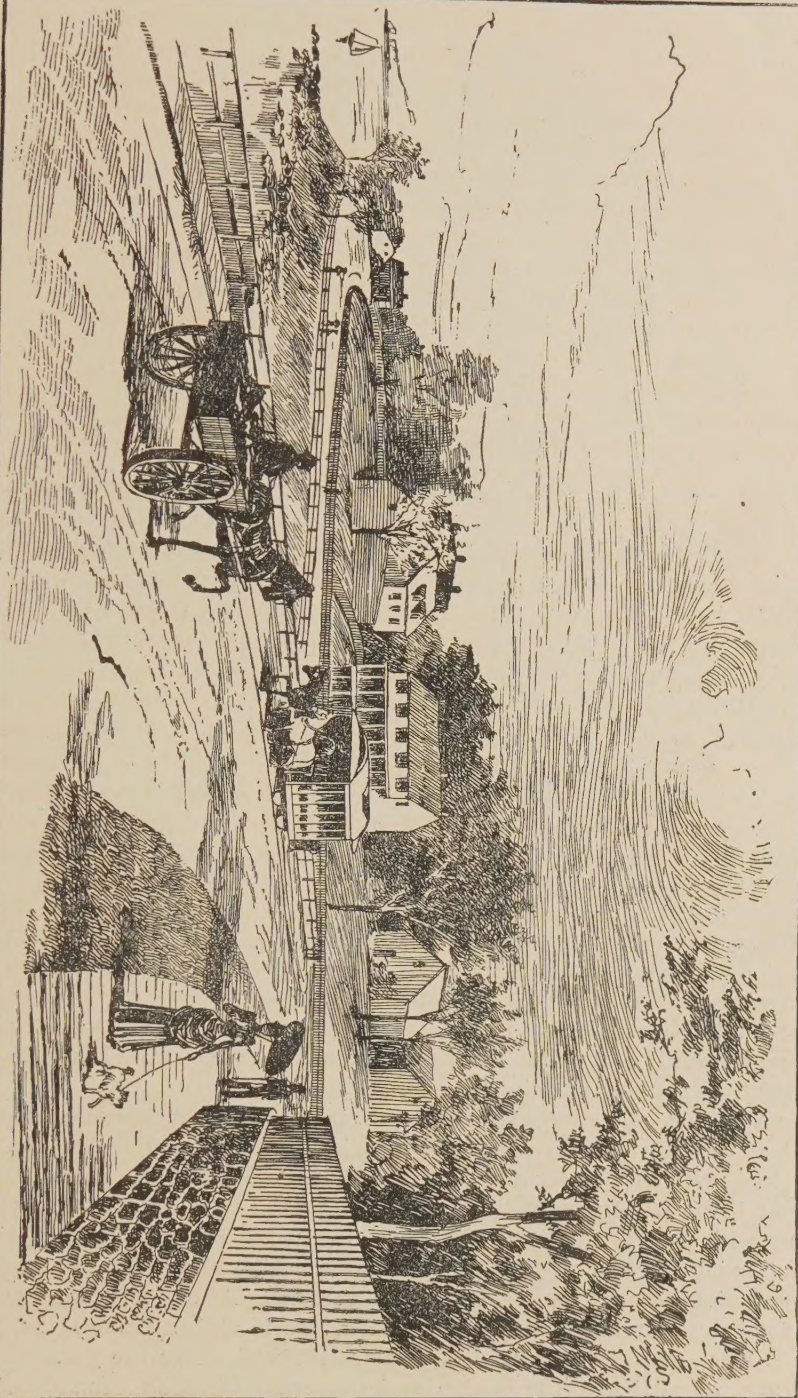
A fair service was indeed rendered ; but the low rate of fare levied, and the length of the trip along the shores, made impossible the use of larger and faster boats, and the more frequent service which the public demanded. The time spent in reaching and returning from the furthest landings upon the East and North Shores was, respectively, two and three hours, and this fact in itself sufficed to keep from the Island many who would otherwise have rejoiced to exchange their contracted city quarters for dwellings upon its verdant slopes.

Thanks, however, to the enterprise of some of its wealthy and public-spirited men, the resident or visitor may now by means of the powerful boats of the Staten Island Rapid Transit Railroad Company quickly and comfortably reach its nearest point, where trains await each boat to whisk him smoothly to the furthest points of the North or East or South Shore, as he may elect.

Another reason, perhaps, for the slowness of the Island's growth may be found in the fact that hitherto but little or no encouragement has been afforded to the poor, or those of moderate means, to provide themselves with homes. This difficulty in turn has been met by the organization, by these same energetic citizens, of the Staten Island Guaranteed Home Company, which will carry out one of the most original and comprehensive schemes for the provision of homes, combined with life insurance, ever offered to the public.

The yachting, fishing, boating, and athletic games, which have hitherto furnished so much healthful amusement to the residents, and attracted so many transient visitors from the neighboring cities, have now been supplemented by the enterprises of the Staten Island Amusement Company (Limited), on whose magnificent grounds at Saint George and at Erastina (formerly Mariners' Harbor) such a varied and novel programme of out-door sports and recreations is offered as, surely, New York has never seen before. Indeed there is now hardly a form of civilized open-air amusement which cannot be enjoyed upon the Island ; and the thousands of people of all kinds, who daily fill the boats and trains of the Rapid Transit Company, bear witness to the growing public appreciation of this fact.





GRECIAN BEND.



Three stories in height, over 300 feet long and 50 wide, this immense Casino cost \$35,000 to build, and is certainly unique. Two spacious galleries, supported by iron pillars, and furnished with neat settees, which will accommodate over 5000 persons, command a view of the grounds, the wide expanse of the harbor, and the Long Island bluffs beyond. Beneath these galleries, in the lower part of the building, is located a handsomely fitted up dining-hall, 200 feet in length by 50 in width, besides other refreshment-rooms on the balconies. In these over a thousand persons can at one time be served by the PURSELL COMPANY, the famous caterers. Upon their furniture, and that of the galleries, over \$10,000 was expended by the Amusement Company. At right angles with the Casino, against the tall fence backing the grounds, rise long tiers of substantial and comfortable benches, seating nearly six thousand persons, so that altogether some 10,000 people can be seated within the enclosure and enjoy at the same time a view of the many novel attractions and the beautiful panorama of the bay.

On these grounds the famous Metropolitan Base-Ball Club, whose franchise is now owned by the Amusement Company, will play all their home games with the visiting clubs of the country; here, too, during their absence upon their Western tour, interesting Lacrosse tournaments will take place between Irish, Canadian, Indian, and American teams. And at evening, after the close of the games, a series of open-air concerts will be given before the grand stand by Cappa's Seventh Regiment band of sixty pieces, when the field will be thrown open to promenaders, and at the further end of the park the wonderful fountains, illuminated by electric light, with which Sir Francis Bolton, the electrician, delighted London, will throw their many-hued jets a hundred feet in air.

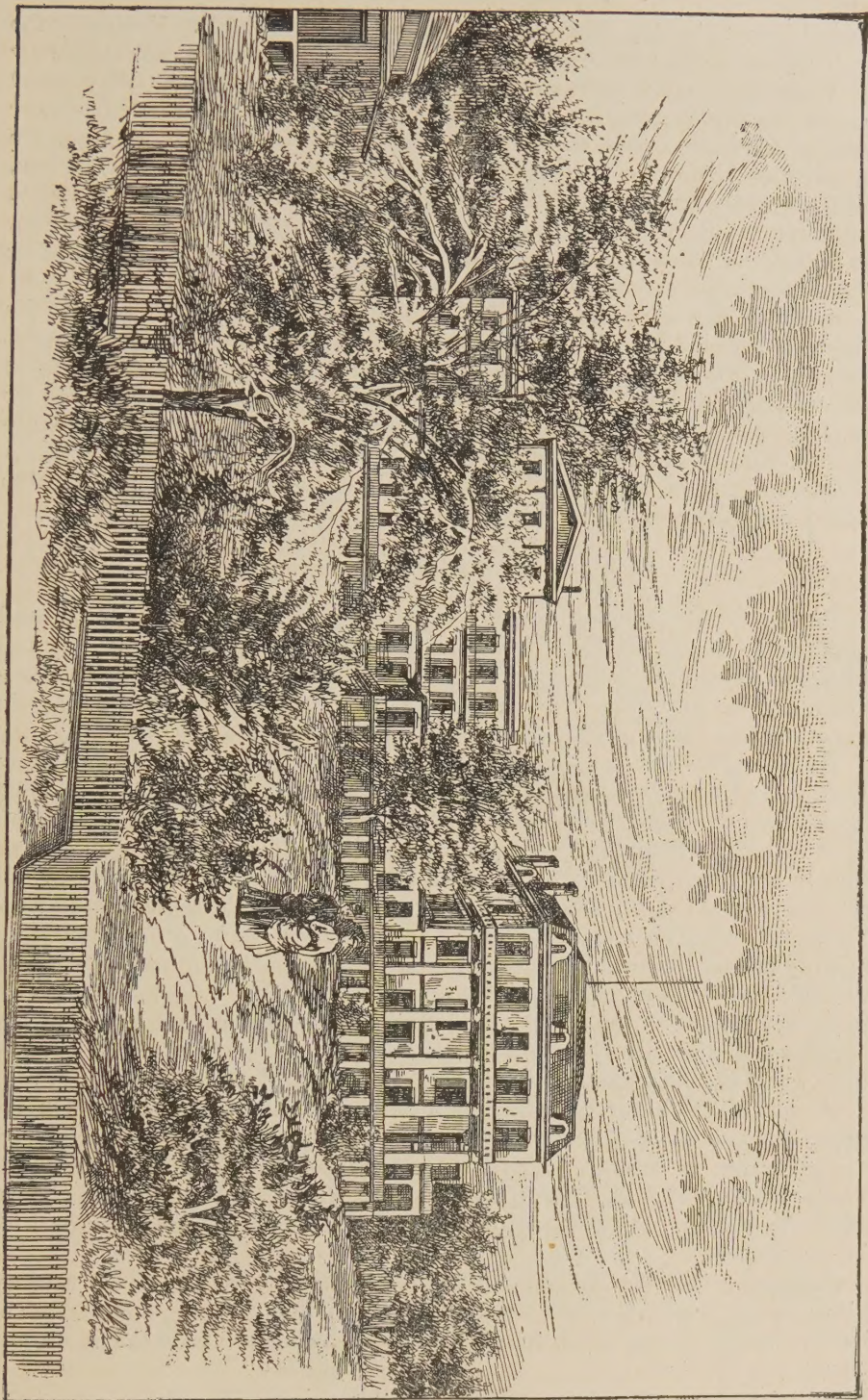
At the southern end of the grounds stands Machinery Hall, a tasteful building, containing rooms for the musicians and the players in the different games; and the powerful dynamos by which all the electricity used in illuminating the park is generated. And, near by, a vaulted, underground passage leads to a chamber directly beneath the electric fountains. Here the visitor will learn how the ever-varying colors of the fountains are created.

It is simply impossible to convey in words a proper idea of the marvellously beautiful spectacle which these fountains present. Still, imagine a big square pond with a great column of water shooting skyward from its centre, and breaking into a cloud of spray away up in the air—and around this central column a circle of minor jets, too numerous for counting, crossing each other at such angles and in such number that one seems to be looking at a vast aqueous bird-cage surmounted and encircled by mist clouds—and all this illuminated from the mysterious subterranean chamber by powerful electric lights, shining through lenses of all colors, changed with kaleidoscopic rapidity. Small wonder London became enthusiastic about them. America has never before seen such a sight.

No pains or expense, indeed, have been spared by the company to make Saint George a resort attractive both by day and evening. Forsaking his heated office during the hot summer afternoons, the tired New York business man will reach it in less than half the time which he would spend on the way to Coney Island, and may with his family watch in comfort interesting



ST. MARK'S HOTEL, NEW BRIGHTON.





contests, more pleasing than ancient Roman or Grecian sports. Fanned by the cooling breezes from the bay, he can afterward dine in peace, untroubled by the pushing throng of sight-seers which infest the piazzas of the Coney Island hotels. Later, he may take his ease on one of the galleries of the Casino or stroll about the grounds, and enjoy to the full the cool of the evening, the music, and the novel electrical display, or the splendor of the moonlit bay, returning then to his home, quickly and easily as he has come, charged with renewed vigor for the labors of the next day. Verily, if he be a wise man, he will thank his stars for the accessibility of this cool and delightful place of entertainment, and make his visits to it frequent.

Strolling back over the well-rolled grassy field, we retrace our steps to the ferry landing, and take a train on the Elm Park division of the Rapid Transit Railroad. It is really a comfort to those used for years to stuffy, ill-ventilated street cars, to step into such a clean, airy conveyance as now receives us. No matter if a whole boat-load of pleasure-seekers have just landed. There are eight or ten roomy cars behind the locomotive, and plenty of seats for all. A preliminary puff or two from the engine, a quick run around the point of the Island, and in two minutes we are landed at the pretty station of

#### NEW BRIGHTON.

For years this picturesque place, with its shady streets, green lawns, and comfortable houses scattered over the hillside overlooking both harbor and Kills, has stood high in the favor of the business and professional men of Gotham, who have established a permanent settlement there, and it now ranks as the most fashionable quarter, perhaps, of the Island.

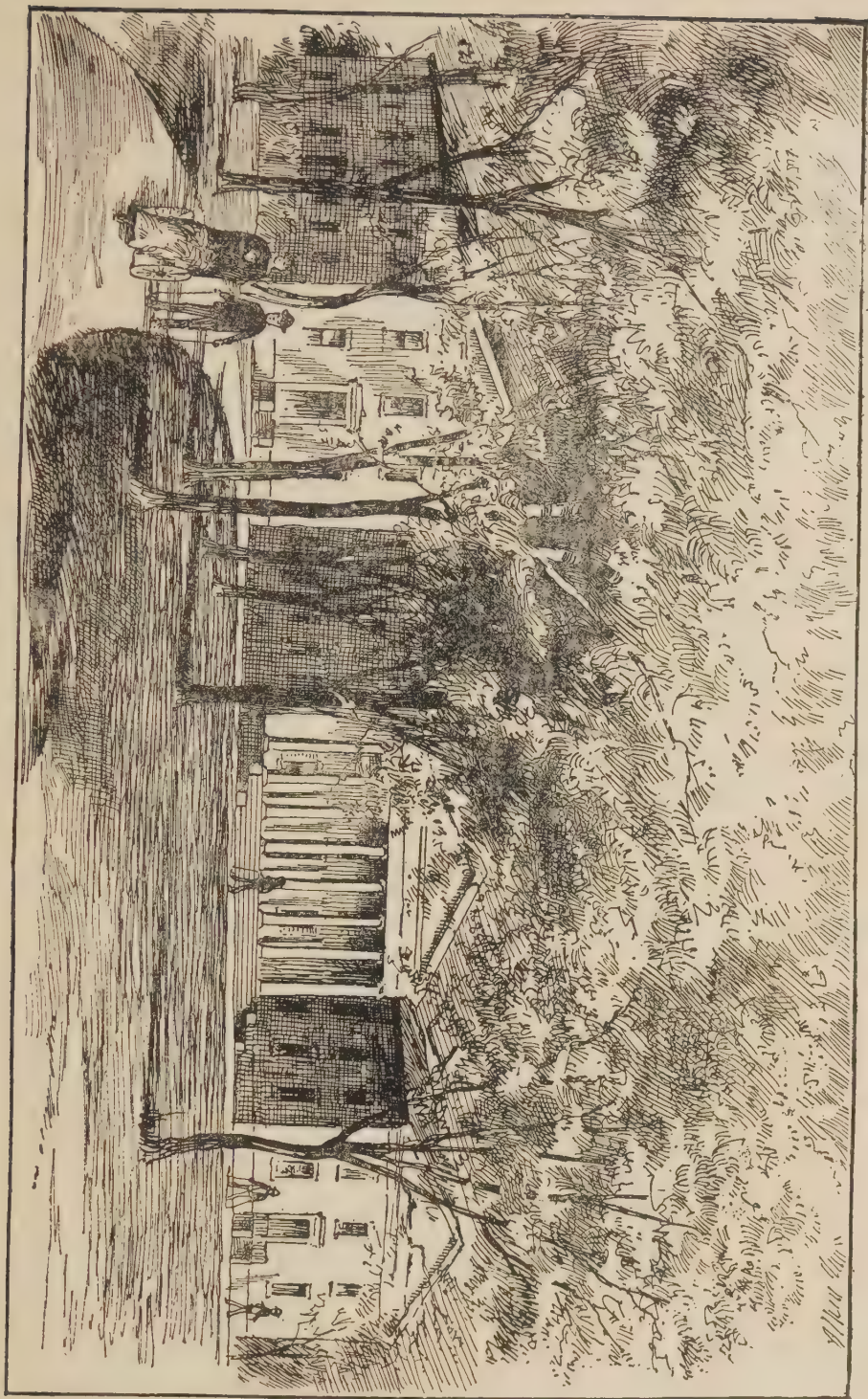
Its hotels, the Pavilion, the Belmont, and the Mansion House on Richmond Terrace, and the Saint Mark's upon the hill above them, have long been filled to overflowing, during the summer months, while of late one or more of them have found it profitable to keep open throughout the winter as well, giving weekly hops and germans for the benefit of their guests and neighbors. In private society, too, dinners and evening companies, theatre parties to New York, and sleighing excursions over the Island, alternate with astonishing rapidity during the cold months. Indeed, in addition to its desirability as a summer residence, a very pleasant wintering-place New Brighton has grown to be, and healthful, too, if one may judge by the scores of pretty, fresh-looking girls to be seen on any fine afternoon, driving their pony phaetons or taking their walks abroad under the overarching trees of Richmond Terrace.

A walk about the pretty village will well repay the visitor, and he will not regret the trouble of climbing the hill, when he has once feasted his eyes on the view from its summit. He should not overlook, either, the great Windsor Plaster Factory of J. B. King & Company, on the shore of the Kills, not far from the station. Its tremendous stack and vast storage shed are curiosities in themselves.

Another glide over the smooth track, giving us barely time for a hasty glance across the Kills at the smoking chimneys, and factories, and the line of loading vessels strung along the Bayonne shore, when the train slacks up and comes to a stand at



SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR.





## SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR.

A few hundred feet west of the station, fronting on Richmond Terrace, that splendid drive which winds along the whole North Shore of the island, are the grounds of this famous institution, in which, since the completion of its first building in 1833, many hundreds of disabled and superannuated seamen have found a comfortable home, and which to-day carries over eight hundred names upon its roll. The massive cut-stone main-building stands back from the road in the middle of a velvety lawn, flanked and backed by the houses of the Governor and other officers, the chapel, hospital, and other necessary buildings; while upon the lawn stands a bronze statue of Robert Richard Randall, the founder of the institution.

No fear of forgetting one's whereabouts here. Upon a terrace before the great gate stands a flag-staff, upon which the latitude and longitude are plainly inscribed, that he who runs may read; and about this flag-staff, day after day, may be seen gathered as romantic a looking group of old sea-dogs as ever gladdened a landsman's eye.

When Mr. Randall one day in 1801 decided to make his will, it is said that after making some small bequests to his servants and his brother's children, he asked his lawyer's advice as to how he should dispose of the bulk of his property, saying that he had no other living kinsmen. And how had his fortune been made? asked Mr. Alexander Hamilton. In truth, his father had made it "by honest privateering."

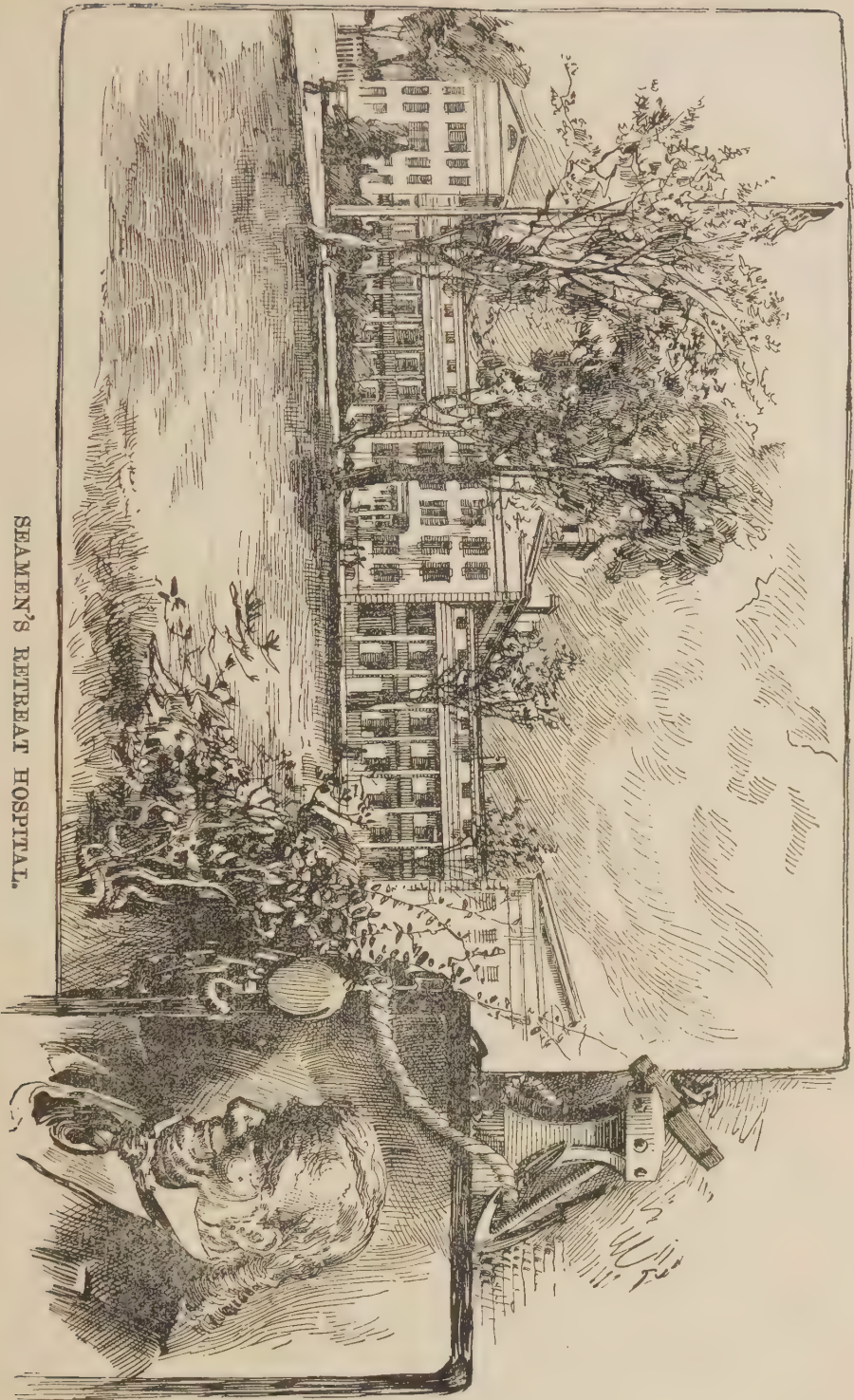
Thereupon Hamilton suggested that a fortune made in such wise might well be devoted to the support of disabled seamen; and this was done. To be sure, it took thirty years to fight off contestants and settle the lawyers' squabbles and get the will out of the courts; but this was at last accomplished; and since then many and many a sailor "who has served five years under the flag of the United States," and who has become "superannuated, decrepit, or otherwise incapable of earning a living," has had cause to bless the memory of Alexander Hamilton, as well as of Robert Richard Randall.

It is truly a great establishment, this Snug Harbor. And a curious assemblage of men it shelters, from the sturdy, good-looking middle-aged foremast-hand or mate, crippled perhaps by a fall from aloft or a blow from some broken spar, chafing inwardly at the semi-idleness to which his affliction condemns him, and looking longingly at the passing schooners and the big ships at the wharves beyond the Kills, to the weather-beaten, bow-legged, dim-eyed veteran, whose snow-white hair falls in long, corkscrew curls over his blue coat-collar, and who leans heavily on his stick as he totters along. Many a storm that old man has seen, and many a sea and distant land has he visited, and done his duty like a man by the ship and her owners—and now he is content to rest.

It is by no means a life of utter idleness, however, which the inmates of the Harbor lead. Many employ their time in carving and rigging miniature sailing-vessels; others are expert basket-makers; others again are permitted to work during certain hours for the yacht and boat builders of the island at such odd jobs of rigging, or work of that class, as they can obtain, whereby they earn a fair number of dollars for their own use and enjoyment. Food, clothing, tobacco, medicine, and many luxuries dear to the sailor's heart are furnished



SEAMEN'S RETREAT HOSPITAL.





him in the institution — but no spirits ; and what that means to many sailors when ashore can better be imagined than expressed.

#### THE CRICKET AND ATHLETIC CLUBS.

Again the train moves on over a trestle-work across a shallow cove ; over it, looking inland, appears a beautiful vista of lawn and woodland, gently rising skyward. Then Livingston is reached — the station for the Staten Island Cricket Club grounds, which lie but a short distance back of the station. This club is one of the best-known organizations of the kind in the country. It has played many hard-fought games with visiting teams from other States and from England and Canada and Australia, while the social standing of its members is remarkably high. The grounds are divided into a cricket field, lawn-tennis courts, and an archery range, and the club-house is comfortable and well shaded. One especially good feature about the Cricket Club is the great attention which it pays to the comfort and entertainment of ladies, and many of the sisters and daughters of the members are expert and enthusiastic tennis players.

A short distance further up the line, we pass the fine new house and grounds of the Staten Island Athletic Club, which at its present phenomenal rate of growth bids fair to eclipse in point of membership all of its sister clubs. The house is a large, comfortable frame mansion, standing a little way back from Richmond Terrace, among fine shade trees, and will, when fully fitted up, contain the ordinary conveniences of a city club-house. Its windows and piazzas, and the lawn before it, afford a charming view of the Kills, while at the water's edge lies the handsome boat-house of the club. The large grounds behind the house are laid out in a base-ball field and tracks for bicycle and foot races, with a comfortable grand stand overlooking the whole field.

It is considered the proper thing on Staten Island to belong to the Athletic Club, and verily its members appear to enjoy themselves immensely, and look with mild pity upon such of their neighbors as may not wear the club's cipher. On the Kills in front of the club-house will be the anchorage of the Staten Island Yacht Club, now organizing ; so that the members of the Athletic Club will have their choice of about as many different kinds of sport as man could desire.

#### WEST NEW BRIGHTON.

The next stopping-place is West New Brighton, a rapidly-growing village, justly famed for the hospitality of its inhabitants and its beautiful maidens. Dozens of new cottages are now arising beside its fine, broad avenues and shady by-streets, and with New York now, thanks to the Rapid Transit Company, but half an hour away, it seems destined soon to outrank in importance most of the neighboring communities. It is here that Mr. George William Curtis, the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, has his home ; the Hon. Erastus Brooks as well. Quite a busy place it is, too. The two great dyeing establishments, the New York Dyeing and Printing Company, and the Staten Island Fancy Dyeing Establishment, whose fame extend far and wide, are located here ; and so is the M. A. Baldwin Douglas Wall Paper Factory, notable as the only one in the country conducted by a woman ; and the works of the C. W. Hunt Company, makers of the most ingenious and interesting coal-handling and hoisting machinery.





ATHLETIC BOAT CLUB HOUSE.



Back from the Kills, at the foot of Castleton Avenue, is the pumping station of the Staten Island Water Supply Company, whence the water flowing from three artesian wells is sent out on its way through the water mains of the towns of Castleton and Northfield and to the reservoir on Fort Hill at New Brighton. The capacity of the two big pumps is two million gallons daily and the company is sinking more wells, so there seems little danger of a water famine on the North Shore ; while the villages of the East Shore are supplied by another company, with a separate pumping station near the Bull's Head.

#### PORT RICHMOND.

On again. Beyond the Kills we see the big white Latourette House at Bergen Point ; on our left rises the spire of the beautiful Church of the Ascension, one of the finest church edifices on Staten Island, and Port Richmond is reached. Here, at the old Continental Hotel, re-named the St. James, the notorious Aaron Burr died on the 14th of September, 1836, and this is the chief claim to national distinction which the modest village makes. It is a homelike place, though, with some pleasant walks and plenty of shade ; and on avenues running back from Richmond Terrace, generally known here as the Shore Road, are numbers of handsome dwellings standing in attractive gardens. It boasts, too, the big Jewett White Lead Manufactory, and the J. A. Dean Linseed Oil Works which give employment to many of the villagers.

Despite its modesty, it is also one of the best-governed villages in the State. Ample supplies of water and gas ; an excellent fire department ; good schools, fine roads, and every other element of village comfort are here attained ; with the lowest taxation.

There is no debt, and a high degree of prosperity prevails, a larger percentage of the homes being owned by residents themselves than in any other of the suburbs of New York.

Formerly an hour was expended in reaching Port Richmond from New York, and but twelve trips daily were made by the boats. Now the village can be reached in thirty-six minutes, thirty-eight times daily. No wonder that the promoter of the Staten Island Rapid Transit scheme is a popular man in Port Richmond, the place having already felt the impulse which will eventually make it one of the most important as well as attractive metropolitan suburban dwelling-places.

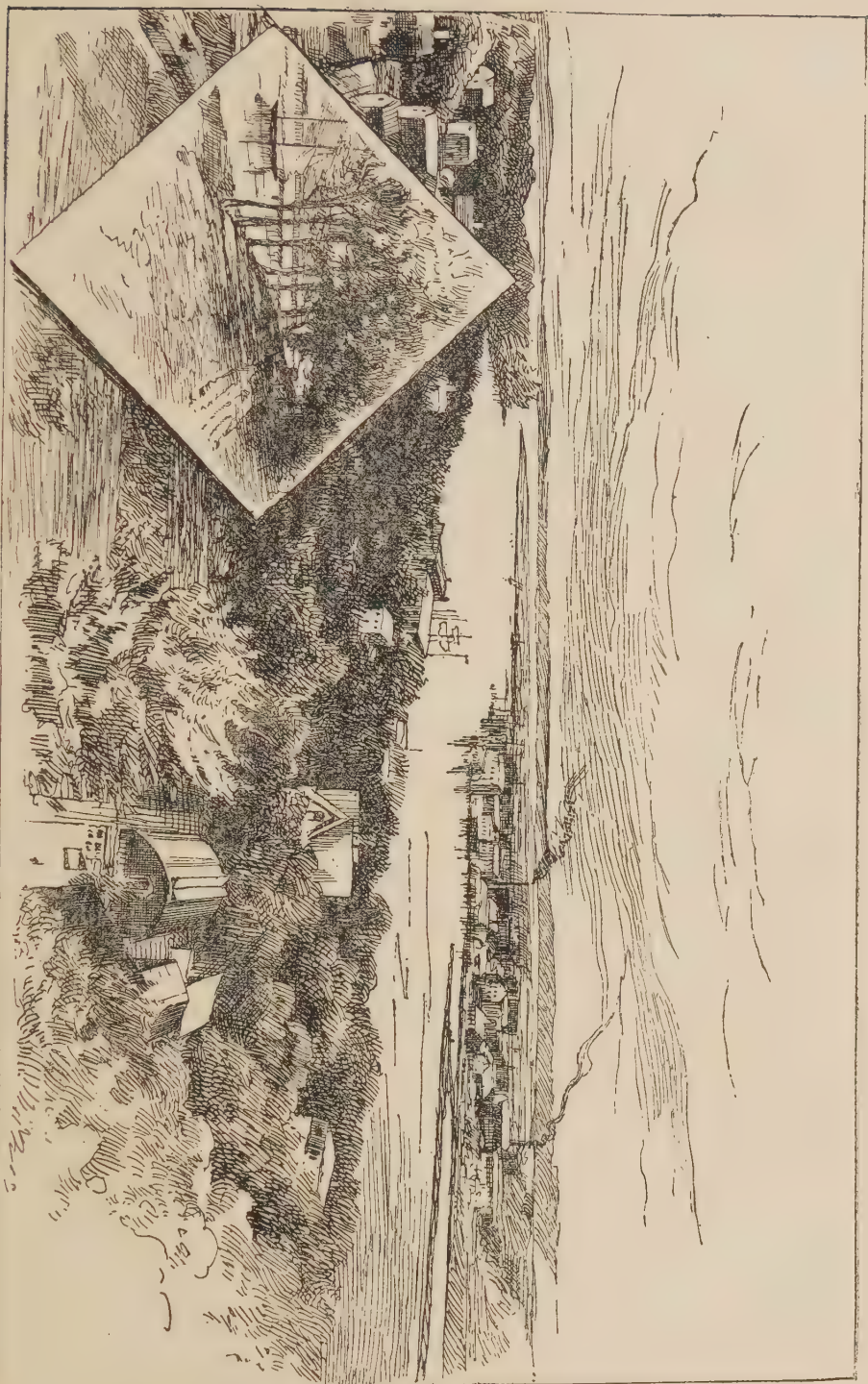
Puffing away through the charming village the engine pulls up at Elm Park, but starts quickly away. On each side of the line are scattered comfortable, neat little dwellings, renting at low prices, suited exactly to the needs of that class of toilers whose families now swelter through the summer months in overcrowded tenement-houses. At last, with one final tired wheeze, our iron horse comes to a stand at

#### ERASTINA (FORMERLY MARINERS' HARBOR),

grounds of the Staten Island Amusement Company. It is a magnificent pleasure ground, indeed.

Thirty acres in area, one-half is covered with a grove of tall, wide-spreading trees. A road-track, one-third of a mile in extent, and a grand stand seating





VIEW UP THE KILLS. WEST NEW BRIGHTON. PHOTO BY ALMSTAEDT.



some twelve thousand persons occupy most of the remaining space. From this grand stand the visitor may witness during the summer the wonderful feats of horsemanship and rifle-shooting, and the realistic representations of doings upon the border and plains which have made famous Buffalo Bill's Wild West Combination, secured for the season by the Amusement Company for the delectation of the great public. Cowboys, plain-herders, and mail-riders, from Colorado, Montana, Texas, and New Mexico; Mexican vaqueros, female rifle-shots and riders, a small army of Sioux, Arrapahoe, and Pawnee Indians—all these will he see. He may gaze at will upon Chiefs White Cloud, Red Dog, Black Horse, and other warlike chiefs. He may improve his mind by studying the domestic habits of our Indian allies in their encampment, for which one-half of the grove has been set aside. At evening, equally with the visitor to the Saint George grounds, his eyes will be delighted by marvellously beautiful electric illuminations with many other attractions, to render his visit an agreeable one. If he has driven to the park, he will find by going up Union Avenue from the Shell Road in one of the groves not occupied by the Indian encampment a shady retreat where about two thousand carriages and teams may be sheltered; or, if from the city, he may return to Saint George by a Rapid Transit special train, without stoppage between the grounds and the ferry landing, thus reaching New York in between thirty and forty minutes.

A short walk northward from the park now brings us to the shore again. Before us in the Kills lies Shooter's Island, beyond which the flat surface of Newark Bay, spanned by the two-mile long trestle and drawbridges of the Central Railroad of New Jersey, shimmers in the sunlight. Looking down the Kills we see again the pretty Bergen Point shore, the Latourette House, and the Argonauta Boat Club house. The water is here covered with sloops and schooners carrying city-ward the products of the manufactories at Newark and along the Passaic and the Kills; oyster sloops and row-boats; with an occasional yacht, white-sailed and graceful, leavening the mass.

This part of the North Shore, from Elm Park to Mariners' Harbor, is the home of those noted clippers, the North Shore oyster schooners, which, all winter long, no matter what the weather be, ply between New York and the various oyster-bedded rivers and bays as far south as the coast of Virginia, bringing to our market cargo after cargo of the delicately flavored shell-fish. In summer many of them are employed in conveying seed oysters from these southern points northward for planting purposes; others make fruiting trips to the West Indies. A vast sum of money has been invested in them, and a fine, hardy set of sailors they have made of a great part of the North Shore youth, who take great pride in the sailing qualities of the different boats.

For a couple of miles beyond Mariners' Harbor the shore road, lined by magnificent willows and other shade trees and giving now and then a sight of some low, picturesque, old stone house at the roadside, forms a delightful promenade—then it loses itself in the salt meadows opposite Elizabethport's dingy coal docks, close to where the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company's bridge will shortly span the Arthur Kill; and the further end of the North Shore has been reached and we are at the end of our journey.

## THE EAST SHORE.

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If we are bound south we step into a Rapid Transit train at the Saint George ferry landing, and presently plunge through a short tunnel under the grounds and buildings of the Government Lighthouse Board, where until 1858 stood the old Quarantine buildings of the port of New York. A great source of dread were these to the Staten Islanders. Year after year infectious diseases spread from the hospitals among the people of the island, until in 1848 nearly two hundred of the residents were attacked by them; and a petition for relief was sent to the Legislature by the islanders. Still, although our law-makers passed an act to remove the Quarantine buildings to Sandy Hook, nothing more was done. Then came the frightful yellow fever epidemic of 1856, never to be forgotten by any one who then lived near the shores of New York Harbor, and the people of the island were once more aroused to a sense of their constant danger; but, despite a new act aimed against the establishment, it was still suffered to remain. Finally, in 1858, the local Board of Health passed a resolution, declaring the institution to be an insufferable nuisance, and called upon the citizens to "abate it without delay."

They certainly did so. Having lost all patience, the good Islanders stormed the buildings, carefully removed all the patients, so that no life was lost, and then burned every structure to the ground. The bonfire proved a costly one for the county, which was made to foot the bill for damages; but the Government never attempted to re-establish the Quarantine hospitals on Staten Island, and finally placed them on rip rap islands in the lower bay.

### AT TOMPKINSVILLE,

named after old Governor Tompkins, where we stop for an instant, are the American Docks, used for the storage and shipment of cotton, and which are said to have saved to the cotton trade of New York a thousand dollars daily, since their erection. Here too is the club-house of the New York Canoe Club, the best known and first established canoeing club in America. A visit to the house, and inspection of the beautifully modelled and ingeniously rigged craft of the members, will amply repay any passer-by of a nautical turn of mind. And, if he should find but few of the boats within the house, it is only because they are then skimming the surface of the harbor, or Kills, or cruising on distant lakes, or running foaming rapids, far inland.

As the train slips along we have always the harbor on our left, and, presently, we come to



## STAPLETON,

the headquarters of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Yacht Club, many of whose handsome schooners and sloops and cutters lie in the basin, or swing at anchor on the bay, abreast of the club-house. Among them, too, may be seen several of the New York pilot-boats, famed the world over; for hereabouts live numbers of the pilots and their families, and this is their favorite anchorage, when in port.

Back from the water stand three of the great Staten Island breweries, Bechtel's, Rubsam & Hornmann's, Bischoff's—names which will strike a responsive echo in the hearts of every lover of the Teutonic beverage. And then, five minutes after leaving Saint George, the train slacks up beside the platform at Clifton.

From this spot, the outlook over the bay is particularly charming, though in marked contrast to the quieter scenes upon the Kills. Upon a hill, above the bay, most picturesquely placed, stands St. John's Church, which, in point of beauty, divides the honors of the island with that of the Ascension at West New Brighton.

Near the Church, west of New York Avenue, lies a tract of land known as Fox Hill, one of the several pieces of property recently secured by the Staten Island Home Guaranteed Company, of which mention has already been made.

## A NEW BUILDING AND INSURANCE SCHEME.

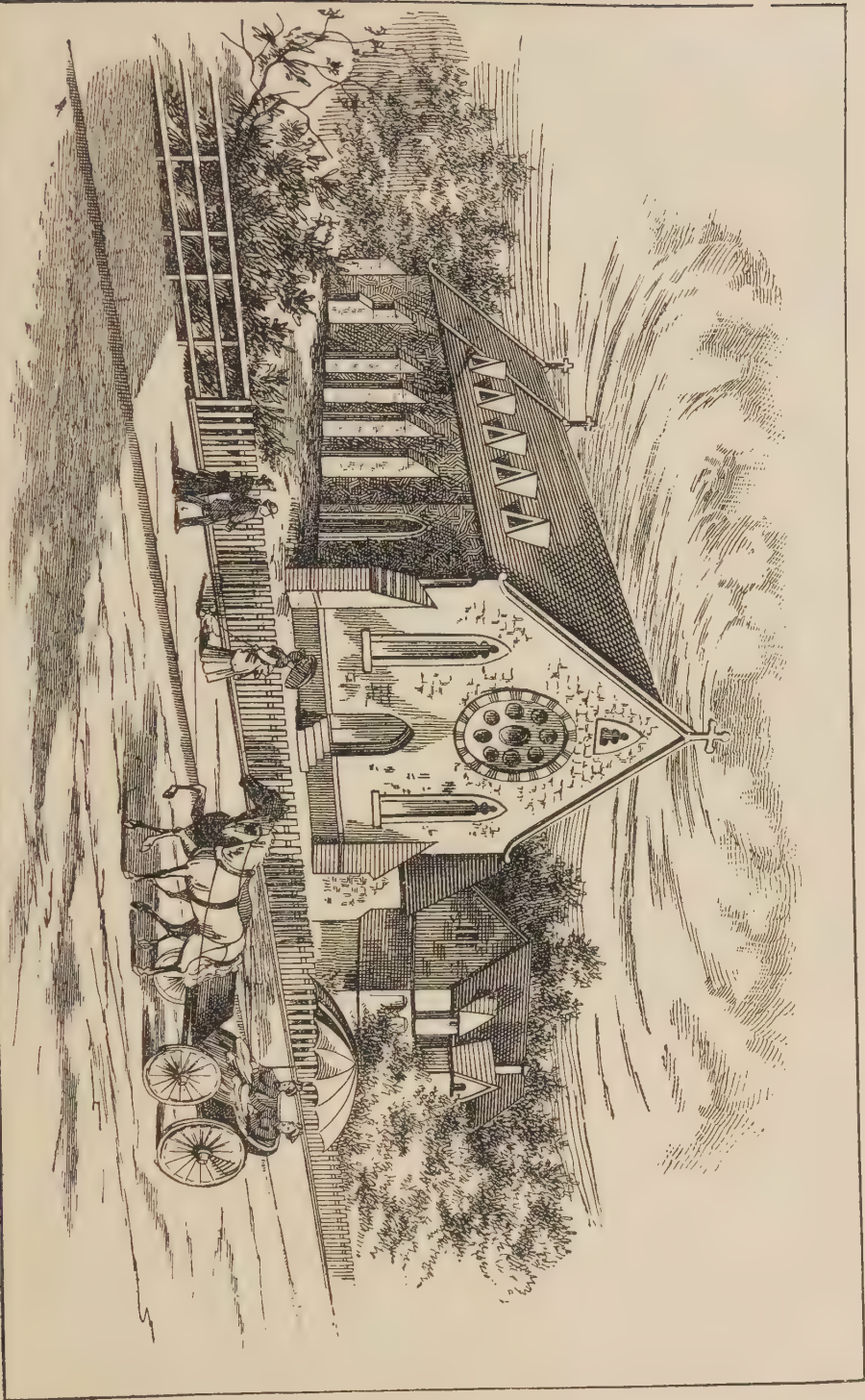
Organized with a capital of \$1,000,000, by Mr. Erastus Wiman and other citizens of Staten Island and New York, its avowed purpose is to provide homes for that large class of wage-workers whose incomes average, say, \$1200 to \$1800 yearly—bank and insurance clerks, telegraph operators, private secretaries, and other employees—at prices which will leave it a reasonable profit upon its investment, and upon terms which will make the purchaser's yearly outlay but little, if any, more than he now pays as rent in the city, for accommodations of half the extent, without speaking of location.

With its large capital, and by judicious management, the Company has been enabled to secure such land as it thought available, at extremely low prices; and very desirable property it now proves to be.

Upon this Fox Hill property work will first be begun. Laid out in building lots of different sizes, but none less than 50 by 125 feet, with streets bordered by trees, and an occasional little park, houses of moderate dimensions and attractive form, with all the modern improvements, will first be erected, a reasonable distance apart, that the buyer, if he desires, may be enabled to increase the size of his garden space by purchase of the contiguous lots. The prices will, naturally, vary with the size of the house and lot; but the terms of payment will be invariably the same. Upon a house sold, say, for \$2500, a payment of \$500 down will be required, leaving \$2000 to be paid in four years, at the rate of \$500 a year—a sum but little in excess of the rent which an inferior dwelling in the city would command.

Even were these houses sold upon the simple instalment plan, the advantages possessed by the Company in the ownership of low-costing land, and the manifest economy attending the simultaneous building of a number of houses

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, STAPLETON, S. I.





of the same character, would be apparent. But it is proposed, in addition, to combine with this purchase of a home a novel principle of life insurance, which will commend itself to every man of limited means who has the future of his dear ones at heart.

Briefly, the Company proposes, in addition to granting a deed at the end of four years, when the full amount of the purchase-money is paid up, to undertake to grant a deed at any time after the first payment is made, in case the purchaser of the property should die, if but five minutes after making his first payment. It will give a bond for a deed, the bond demanding its fulfilment upon two conditions: first, the full payment of the amount remaining unpaid within four years; or, second, the death of the purchaser, when the deed will be given to his wife or heir without further payment.

This sum of \$500, then, which the purchaser pays before occupying his house, will answer for three purposes. First, it will serve instead of the rent which he now pays; second, it will be an instalment of the sum which he is willing to pay for a permanent home; third, it will constitute the full premium on a life insurance for the benefit of his wife and children. In addition, the Company has made an arrangement with the Rapid Transit Company, by which the buyer of one of these houses will be given free transportation to and from New York, for one year—a saving not to be overlooked.

To the salaried man of small income, forced to see his wife restricted to the cramped accommodations of a city apartment-house, and his children depending for a play-ground upon the sidewalks or streets, and who trembles at the first symptoms of sickness lest his family may suddenly find themselves houseless and homeless, the beauties of this novel, but simple and practical scheme will strike forcibly home.

At Clifton is situated the large brewery now known as Bachman's, which is invested with considerable historical interest, since it was established in 1851 by the Italian liberator, General Garibaldi, and his partner, Meucci. Plotter, fighter, fugitive, candle-maker, brewer, Liberator of Italy—what was not that splendid old man in turn? But it is not the least of Staten Island's boasts that she gave him a refuge in the darkest hour of his tempestuous existence—though, in truth, he had to pay his way like any other common toiler.

## THE SOUTH SHORE.

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Leaving at Clifton the shore of the bay, with its ever-shifting panorama of steamers and ships and yachts, the train now turns southwestward, upon the rails and improved road-bed of what was known, until merged in the Rapid Transit Company's system, as the Staten Island Railroad. Extending from Clifton to Tottenville, a distance of 13 miles, and opened to the public in 1860, this road was, for a period of twenty odd years, popularly esteemed the worst one for its length in the whole United States ; now, with the rest of the Rapid Transit Company's lines on the island, it is one of the smoothest and best managed. The line runs through a fertile, level country, and it is only occasionally that we now catch sight of the Lower Bay, which, from the Narrows southwest to Ward's Point, washes the sandy beach of the island. A great resort is this South Beach in summer for picnickers and bathers, hundreds of whom may be seen disporting themselves all day long in the shade of the cedar groves, on the wide, hard sands, or in the cooling waters of the bay, while in scores of anchored row-boats fishermen from the cities and the surrounding country sit hour after hour, toasting their cuticle and otherwise enjoying their sport to the top of their bent, for better fishing than here can be found nowhere in New York Harbor.

At Grassmere and Garretson's stations the train makes short halts ; then, less than twenty minutes after pulling away from Saint George, it stops at New Dorp, a spot fraught with interest for the visitor. Near this place, between 1630 and 1640, the first permanent settlement of the island was accomplished, the hardy Dutchmen contenting themselves, at first, with dwellings dug in the hill-sides, lined with rough planks and roofed with these or with bark from the forest trees. A hard time of it these first settlers must have had, though their troubles, be it said, were mostly of their own creating.

The Raritans, living their own quiet lives, and quite ready at any time to barter their land for wampum, or the household utensils, arms, and firewater of civilization, showed little disposition to quarrel with their new neighbors ; but, naturally, objected to being cheated, robbed, and generally bullied by them ; and retaliated after the manner of their race. Therefore when the Dutch had gone to the length of erecting a still upon the island (the first still, by the way, which the province had known) and dispensing to them such spirits as not even Indian stomachs could stand, the natives arose in their wrath and killed and burned indiscriminately. Truly, Staten Island could not have been a very comfortable dwelling-place in the seventeenth century.



From the New Dorp station a road leads to Peteler's Hotel, upon the beach, where the attractions of good bathing and fishing, ample picnic grounds, and a good restaurant are offered.

A short walk from the station in the other direction brings us to the Moravian Cemetery and Church, and the low, stone building known as the Old Moravian Church, of which the corner-stone was laid in 1763. Used until 1844 for church services, it was afterward, upon the opening of the new church, made use of as a parsonage, and now serves as a meeting-place for the Young People's Aid Society of the village. Weather-beaten though its walls appear, they show no signs of decay, and bid fair to outstand those of its youthful neighbor.

#### THE VANDERBILT MAUSOLEUM.

Passing the vault containing the body of Cornelius Vanderbilt, the old "Commodore," the founder of the great fortune now enjoyed by his grandchildren, we now follow a winding drive through the cemetery to where, upon a green knoll, overlooking miles of level fields and the wide sweep of the Lower Bay, stands the new granite Mausoleum of the Vanderbilts.

Beautiful in architectural design, massive in construction, embellished within with rich carvings and urns filled with flowering plants, this stately tomb, with its heavy bronze gates, stands unequalled by anything of its kind in the country. When it is fully completed the bodies of Cornelius and Wm. H. Vanderbilt and several of their kinsfolk, now lying in the cemetery below, will be placed in its crypts, and it will thenceforth be used as a burial-place by the whole family.

Standing here, at the final resting-place of the man whose name is identified with that of Staten Island, the scene of his birth, nearly a century ago, our minds naturally turn to the changes which have taken place in that time. Mightily amazed the old Commodore would have been if, in 1815, when, a boy of twenty-one, he became the proud owner and master of the fastest piriagua on the bay—the *Dreadnought*—if his mental vision had shown him a picture of the island and harbor as it is to-day.

#### GALLANT GENERAL HOWE.

Retracing our steps through the cemetery, and walking a little way down the road, we come to a house which brings up many reminiscences of Revolutionary days. It is the old Black Horse Tavern, partly rebuilt in modern style, but still containing the original rough-hewn oaken beams, and some of those queer little inconvenient rooms in which our forefathers lived so contentedly.

Here, during those anxious days just before the battle of Long Island, when the tents of the British and Hessian soldiers gleamed white on the plains and hillsides of Staten Island, and the islander, whether Patriot or Tory, dared hardly call his soul—much less his portable property—his own, were quartered many of Howe's officers. The main body of his troops landed near Tompkinsville, and encamped thereabout, the fleet, meanwhile, lying in and below the Narrows; while Howe, himself, took up his abode at the Rose and Crown Tavern, near New Dorp, which, worse luck for the antiquarian, was destroyed by fire some years ago.

But the Black Horse still survives, and tales enough, if they would, the

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, CLIFTON. PHOTO BY ALMSTAEDT.





walls of the old tavern could tell, of noisy mess dinners and drinking-bouts, at which, with many a cheer and shout, these roystering, red-coated blades toasted The King, and drank confusion to the rebels, and health to the island girls, to whose charms such numbers of King George's doughty warriors succumbed.

Many pleasant legends have come down to us about Sir William Howe, which show him to have been a very amiable person. Once, stopping at a farmhouse for a drink of milk, and recognizing in the farmer a consistent and outspoken Patriot, who at once began to tremble in his shoes for his life and property, Sir William reassured him, told him that he would not be harmed as long as he did not take up arms. The General afterward stood god-father to the farmer's child. On another occasion, he took refuge in a house at the wayside, during a shower, and was hungry. The good woman of the house was busy at the churn; upon which the English commander took a leaf from the ancient history of his own dear country and volunteered to take her place while she prepared a meal. And he worked the dasher manfully, too, until his hostess, looking through the doorway, complained that he splashed too much, and fastened an apron around his waist—no doubt to his great amusement. The gallant General sent her a new silk dress in payment for that dinner.

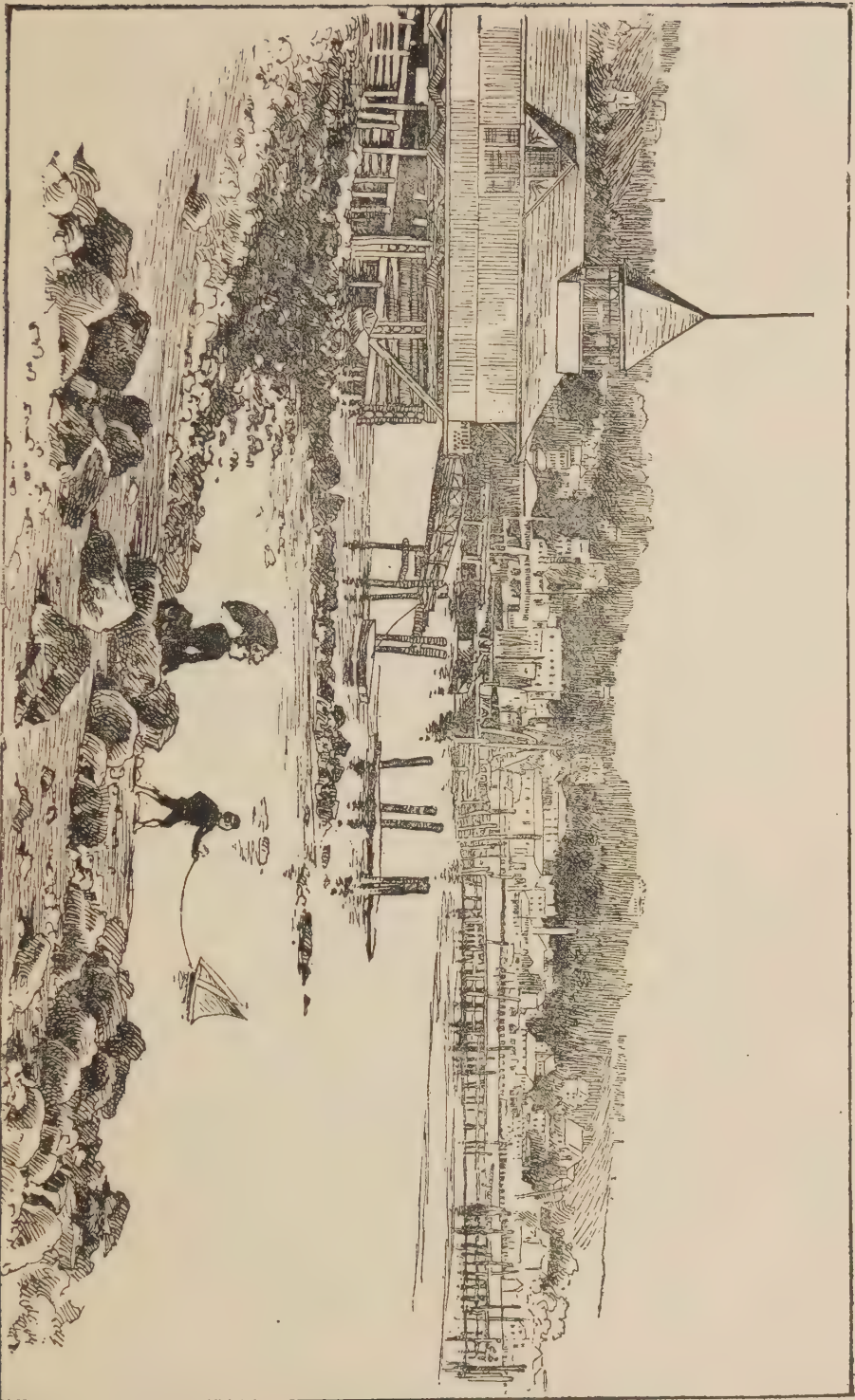
#### LITTLE MISS BRITTON AND THE HESSIAN.

At Court House, the next station, the train is met by a conveyance, which plies between the station and Richmond, the county-seat, a mile or so to the northwest. The county courts are here held, at which times the quaint old hamlet awakes from its normal state of profound slumber into something like life. How different it must have been when the Queen's Rangers, the Tory regiment of the notorious Simcoe, were quartered at Richmond during the Revolution. Lively enough did these zealous American servants of His Majesty make it then for the villagers, both friends and foes, most of whom, be it said, were too peaceable to do aught but mildly growl at the treatment which they received. It is really refreshing to read of the conduct of little Miss Britton, who lived with her mother and grandfather near by the village.

This little maid of seventeen, while heating a poker, one cold evening, to mull her grandfather's cider, was surprised by the entrance of a burly Hessian soldier—and he was rude to her. She told him to leave, but he wouldn't; so, having no one in particular to protect her, she picked up the poker, and with its red-hot end burned holes in that Hessian until he could barely crawl out-of-doors. And small pity he got from his comrades, too, rough though they were, when it became known who had repulsed him.

Close to the village, at the head of one of the branches of the Fresh Kills, stands an old tide-mill, shingle-sided and many-windowed—a picturesque relic of by-gone days, which has enriched many a sketch-book and is well worth a visit.

Driving back to the station, and taking again to the rail, "Giffords" is the next stopping-place. A dozen men with baskets drop off here, and trudge down the road which leads to the Great Kills, an arm of the bay, where boats



VIEW FROM CLIFTON, NORTH. PHOTO BY ALMSTADET.



may be had, and fishing tackle ; and refreshments, both solid and liquid, are at the call of the hungry or thirsty fisherman. On a sandy spit, at the mouth of the Great Kills, the old frame building, which was once Garibaldi's candle factory, still stands, weather-beaten and forlorn—almost forgotten.

Further on, between Eltingville and Annadale, we pass the Woods of Arden, a large tract of land reaching to the shores of the bay, embracing both woodland and beach, and used as a picnic ground by Sunday-schools and other reputable societies. For this purpose, in its abundant shade, the cool, southerly breezes, blowing straight off the sea, which sweep across it, and its accessibility from the city, it has no equal near New York. A fine restaurant too has been opened at the Arden Inn, the old farm-house of this tract of lovely land.

#### TOTTENVILLE.

Through Pleasant Plains and Richmond Valley we now snort and puff. On our right we see the masts of anchored schooners ; the waters of the Arthur Kill ; the New Jersey shore ; and the train runs into its last stopping-place, Tottenville, where the little ferry-boat *Maid of Perth* lies at her wharf ready for passengers by train for Perth Amboy in New Jersey, on the opposite bank of the Kill and at the mouth of the Raritan River.

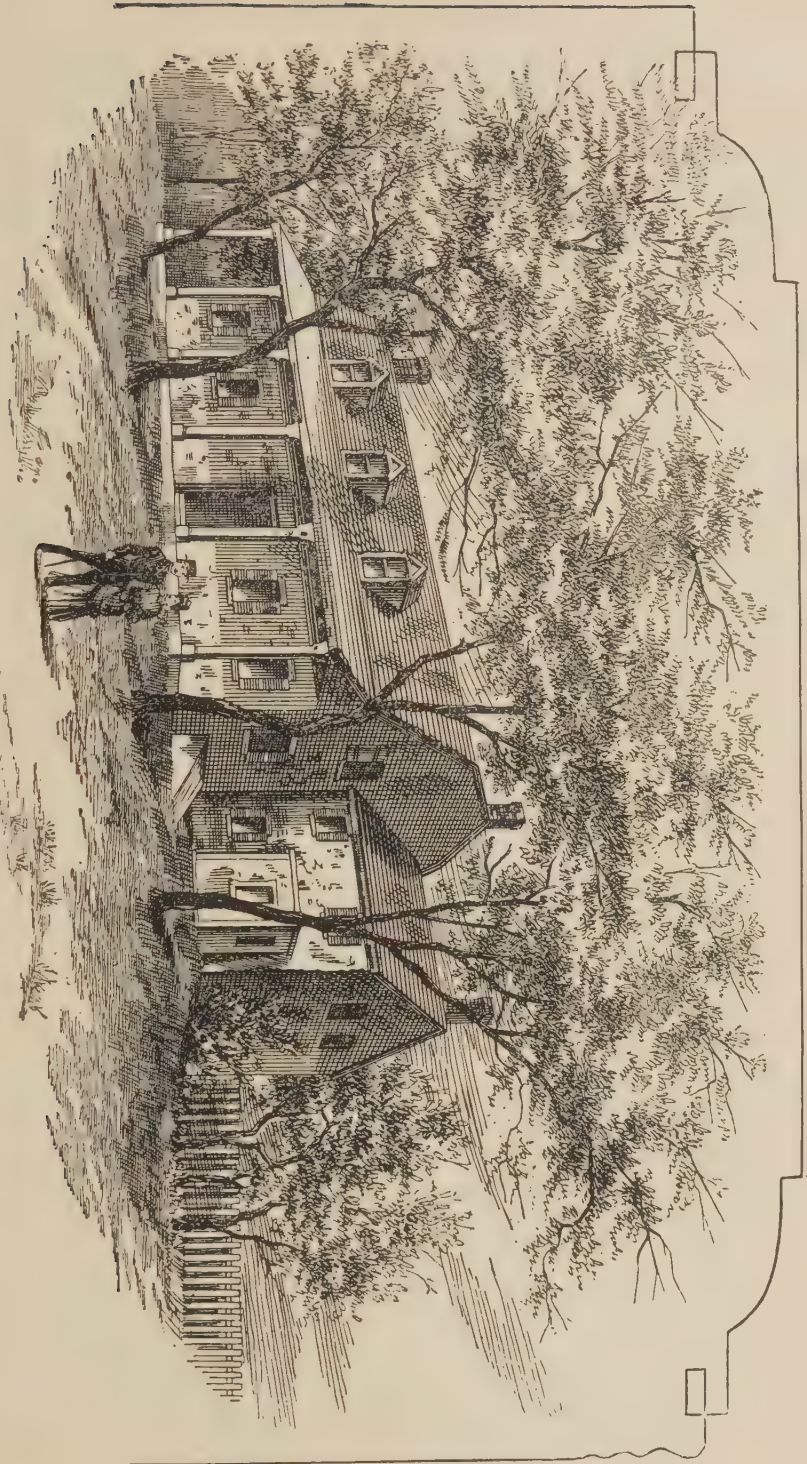
Forty-five minutes from Saint George to Tottenville—an hour and ten minutes from New York—how the villagers would have jeered a few years back had they been told the Rapid Transit Company would bring this to pass !

To arrive in Tottenville is to become sensible of the importance of the oyster. Anchored out in the Kill ; made fast to the little wharves ; under sail in the offing, white-hulled oyster sloops meet the eye on every side. Below the bluffs, the beach is lined with oyster floats, upon which the bivalves in the fall are taken to the fresher waters of New Jersey rivers to be fattened for the market ; oyster shells are everywhere. The largest and most comfortable houses in and about the village, we are told, belong to oystermen, active and retired, whose modest fortunes have been raked from the great oyster-beds covering the bottom of the Lower Bay from Staten Island to Keyport.

Other industries, to be sure, are carried on—on the shore we see a big pilot-boat and some smaller vessels on the stocks ; but above all here the oyster is king.

#### AN HISTORICAL TREASURE.

Not very far from the railroad station, on a bluff near the bay, still stands the old Billop Mansion, despite its age still in almost perfect preservation, and good, seemingly, for many years to come. No matter in just what year it was built. We all know how the ship-master Christopher Billop, in 1668, earned his Manor of Bentley from the Duke of York, by circumnavigating Staten Island in twenty-four hours, thereby settling the vexed question of its ownership. This was the Manor House which Billop then built, and in which he lived. And here dwelt, too, his grandson, the Tory Colonel Christopher Billop of Revolutionary notoriety ; whom once some exasperated Patriots, looking through a spy-glass from a Perth Amboy church-spire, saw entering his house ; and whom, crossing the Kill, they promptly captured and clapped into Burlington jail, to think over his sins in chains and on bread and water. Stirring



OLD MORAVIAN CHURCH, NEW DORP.



scenes the old house saw in those times ; now it looks lonely, and out of place beside its neighbors, the new, smartly painted, nineteenth century dwellings. It does the eye good, though, to rest on those solid stone walls, pierced by the little windows overarched with lines of brick like eyebrows—on the weather-beaten roof, and the heavy oaken half-doors, strong enough to withstand a battering-ram. These doors have the wooden latch, pulled by a string, which our great-grandfathers knew, and are secured from within by the familiar stout bar. In the low-ceiled kitchen a fireplace fourteen feet wide, in which an old-fashioned crane still hangs, reminds us of the days when great roaring log fires were wont to roast men's faces, while leaving their backs to slowly freeze. In fact, taken all in all, the house is as ancient in looks, and inconvenient in arrangement, and altogether charming as heart could wish.

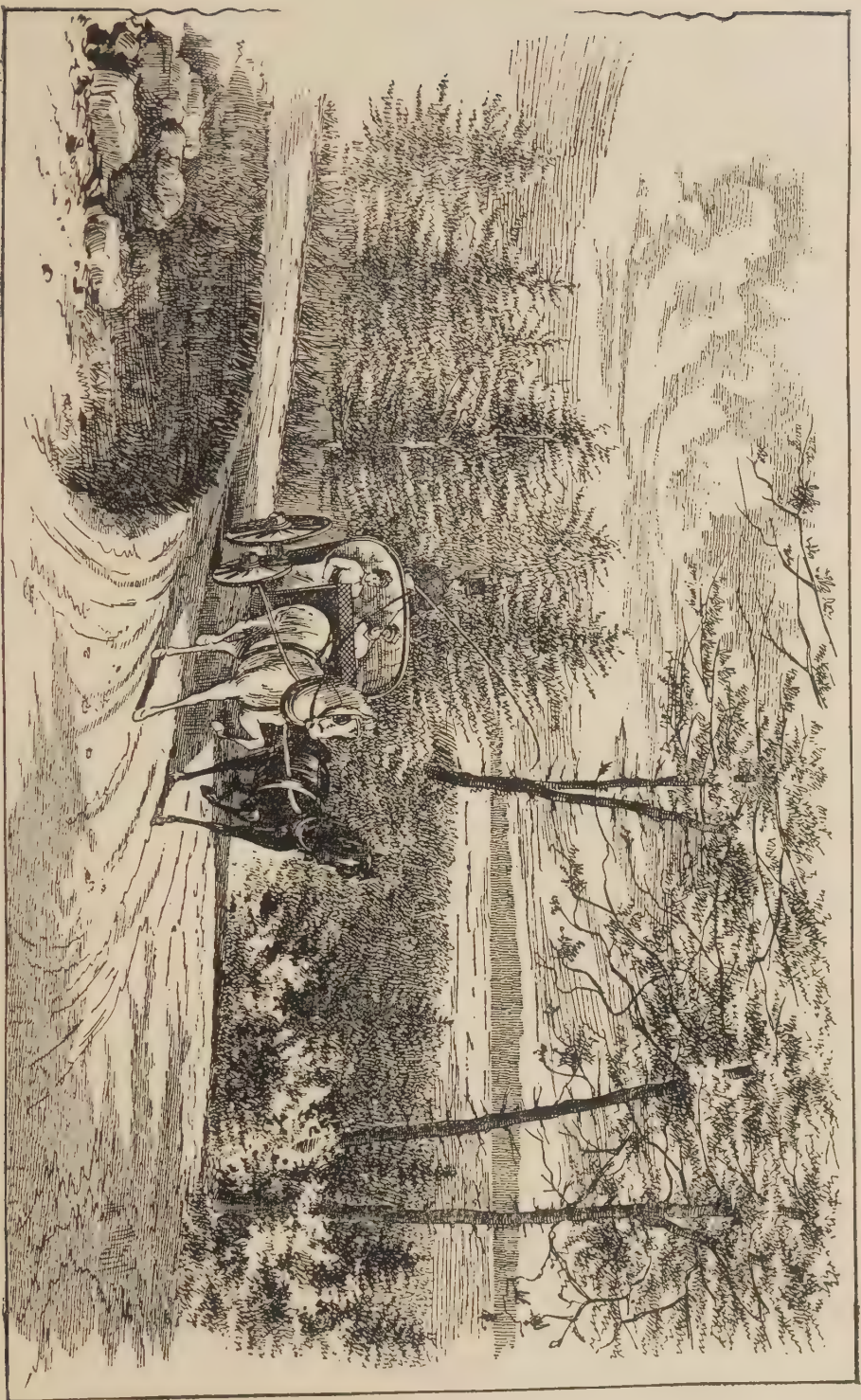
It was in a room on the first floor, cleaned and furnished for the occasion—for the house had been used by the British as a barrack—that, after the battle of Long Island, Howe and the committee of Congress, Franklin, John Adams, and Edward Rutledge, met to discuss measures for restoring peace. That result was not accomplished just then, it is true, nor, eventually, in the manner which Howe proposed ; but the meeting gave John Adams a chance to make a neat little speech to his lordship, which is embalmed in history—and that was something, after all.

Many and many is the time that these little windows have looked down upon detachments of British and Hessian soldiers setting forth to ravage the hen-roosts of New Jersey—and, incidentally, to kill a few inoffensive men and women, if occasion offered—and seen them return, laden with plunder or empty handed and mad, as luck had favored them.

Often, too, they must have seen Adam Hyler's armed whale-boats, in the time between sunset and dawn, stealing cautiously out from the mouth of the Raritan, bound in search of British gunboats or stray officers of rank : of Tory fishing-boats and pilot-boats and trading sloops and cash—in fact, of anything of value which might be lying around loose. Pirates? Oh, no ! Certainly not ! Were they not on our side ?

#### CAPTAIN HYLER.

This Captain Hyler, of New Brunswick, was a great man in his line. Whether his objects were patriotic or simply personal, it matters not now, but he was a privateer of dash and bravery, and his memory is greatly revered by the older islanders. Had he commanded a frigate, instead of simply leading and directing the fleet of whale-boats, which, commissioned as privateers by our Government, so greatly harassed Tory commerce in and about the harbor, he would have doubtless figured as a naval hero of the Revolution. Unfortunately for him, we had at that time no ships of war, being but little worse off in that respect than now, A.D. 1886 ; and the gallant New Brunswicker had to content himself with a crew of oarsmen. But he did all that in him lay for his country and himself, and acquired lots of glory and pelf. Traders and fishermen and pilots alike feared him, for, in the name of the Continental Congress, he would board and plunder them, and then release them in consideration of a good round sum in gold ; which was always placed in trusty hands, and forwarded secretly to the captors. No



VIEW FROM HAMILTON PARK. PHOTO BY ALMSTAEDT.



vessel owner about the harbor dared break his word with Hyler. Time after time he landed on the Long Island shore and carried off English and Tory officers, and treasure, through the picket lines of the enemy. Once, indeed, his crew walked three miles inland, bagged Colonel Jerome Lott, notorious for cruelty to American prisoners, and made him pay ransom for himself and all his negro slaves, before they released him on parole.

Hyler was badly beaten one day, however, and Prince's Bay was the scene of the fight. It was on a July day in 1782, when, with three whale-boats of twenty-four oars each, he attempted to capture the British gunboat stationed there. The Americans pulled straight for the ship, with their usual daring, meaning to board her; but she sent an eighteen-pound ball through one of the boats, which had to be beached. And then the people on the great red bluff above the bay witnessed the liveliest kind of a fight. For hours the booming of the ship's cannon and the rattling of the Americans' muskets reverberated through the hills, and dense clouds of smoke covered the water. But, by and by, in the boats and along the beach, the Americans dropped before the ship's guns, and lay where they fell. Finally, the two uninjured boats pulled away for the Raritan, with the survivors of the attacking party, baffled for the time, but still full of fight. How Hyler must have ground his teeth and chewed his long, red mustache that day! Poor fellow, he died but a few months later from an accidental wound, inflicted by himself. A thousand pities that he could not have lived a bare two months longer, to hear how his colleague, Captain Storer, with a single boat, cut out one of the enemy's vessels, lying close under the guns of the King's battery, on what is now known as Pavilion Hill at New Brighton. It would have mightily pleased him.

In a field near the Billop mansion, two brown-stone slabs mark the graves of Colonel Billop's father and mother. The vandal hoofs of cows and bumpkins have worn away the inscription from one; but upon the other we read that "Here Lyes y<sup>e</sup> Body of Thomas Billopp, Esq<sup>r</sup>., y<sup>e</sup> Son of Thomas Farmer, Esq<sup>r</sup>., Dec<sup>d</sup> August y<sup>e</sup> 2<sup>d</sup>, 1750, in y<sup>e</sup> 39. year of his age."

A vastly courteous and entertaining old gentleman he who now dwells in the Manor House. We are loath to leave it and him, and if it pleases him to think that it was Washington himself who here met Howe, we will not seek to disturb his belief.

At Tottenville, the Rapid Transit Company's line, at present, ends. We have travelled over it along two sides of the irregular triangle which the island forms. The western shore, as yet buried in peaceful slumber, undisturbed by the shriek of the locomotive whistle, and the many charming spots inland, may, however, be easily reached by stage or carriage, or on foot from the numerous stations on the railroad, and so, with a parting look at the placid Kill, the spires and houses and green trees of Perth Amboy, and the dark outlines of the Highlands of Navesink, far away to the southward, over the bay, we pick up our heels and take our departure.

## THE WEST SHORE.

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Though familiar to the fisherman and yachtsman, this side of Staten Island is, to most New Yorkers, practically unknown.

Separated from New Jersey by the Arthur Kill, more than half of its shore consists of lush, but uninhabitable salt meadows extending back to the solid hills. Full of fish, though, are the waters of the Kill, as the scores of anchored boats daily testify ; and a delightful boating-ground, too, they make for light craft of every kind.

Three miles south of Howland's Hook, the island's northwestern extremity, opposite a grassy islet in the Kill, the funny little hamlet of Chelsea has found enough firm ground to rest upon.

A mile further down, below the mouth of the Rahway River, which here debouches from New Jersey, and at the end of the Richmond Turnpike road across the island, was once the landing of the New Blazing Star ferry, which, in its time, conveyed many stage-coaches full of weary passengers over the Kill, on their way between New York and Philadelphia. What a tedious journey it must have been. Think of the sail in a heavy priagua, with the old-fashioned Dutch lee-boards, against tide and wind, from New York to Staten Island—a trip consuming, sometimes, hours—then the drive across the island, the passage of the Kills upon a scow, the uncomfortable and dangerous ride by stage-coach to New Brunswick, where the Raritan was crossed in another scow, to Trenton, where a third scow conveyed the coach across the Delaware to the Pennsylvania shore—thence to Philadelphia. Three days or more were spent on the way, and the road was sprinkled with highwaymen and mud-holes. Yet to-day one may reach the Quaker City comfortably by rail from New York in less time than it then took to go from the city to Staten Island.

Near the site of the Blazing Star Ferry now stands the modern village of Linoleumville, where, around the works of the American Linoleum Manufacturing Company, cluster the houses of its workmen. Busy throughout the day in making the durable and artistic floor and wall-coverings, composed of pulverized cork and linseed oil, which have of late become so greatly liked, these hard-working men are enabled at evening to turn from the gates of the works into their own door-yards, and enjoy, until whistle-blow the next morning, the pleasures of a real country home.

Below Linoleumville the Fresh Kills, oyster-bedded and swarming with fish, open into the island ; and shortly the salt meadows disappear, and the



long wharf at Rossville juts out into the Kill, backed by the trees and houses of the village.

At the head of the wharf stands the hotel, including also the village post-office and grocery — and a queer, old-fashioned tavern it is, boasting many an odd bit of old furniture, and offering a soft bed and wholesome bill of fare, winter and summer, to the visitor.

Frequented chiefly by fishermen, the quiet little village holds out many attractions, too, to the tired brain-worker in need of absolute rest and peace and pure air.

Dressed as he will, he may drive or fish or row or sail, or simply loiter about in the shade, to his heart's content; and at evening smoke his cigar on the porch of the hotel, and listen to the gossip of the assembled villagers, while watching the night come down upon the glassy Kill — and then sleep the sleep of the just, undisturbed by tortured piano or brassy band.

And, if he should by some unlucky chance have to run up to New York, a stage will take him to Huguenot Station, two miles distant on the Rapid Transit Railroad, in time for his train. The boats running between New York and New Brunswick also stop at the wharf.

Lining the shore for some distance below the wharf are pretty residences, and a picturesque church lifts its square tower above the surrounding tree-tops — and then the shore-line makes a bold curve and runs into Tottenville, four miles away, only interrupted by the wharf at Kreischerville, where a big Fire Brick and Gas Retort Manufactory works into merchantable shape the fine white clay dug from its pits.

## SAUNTERINGS.

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Throughout the island the points of interest to the lover of the beautiful in nature are so many, and the roads leading from one such spot to another, and from village to village, so numerous and easily found, that it would be useless to lay out any cut-and-dried route for the visitor to follow.

Behind a horse or on foot or bicycle, he may direct his course as his fancy dictates, sure of always finding something which will please his eye; or if with any particular destination in view, of readily striking some road which will lead to it.

It is not in one or two days that he can hope to discover all the charming nooks and corners which await his search — weeks, indeed, will not suffice; but upon his own good legs, or in one of the carriages which he may hire at the Saint George ferry landing, he can still reach in a single day many delightful spots.

### GRIMES' HILL.

Climbing the hill at Tompkinsville and striking into the Serpentine Road, we find ourselves, after a pleasant walk beneath shady trees and past fine lawns and residences, on the crest of Grimes' Hill, near the mansion of the late Mr. John J. Cisco, the New York banker. Directly at our feet lie the houses and giant breweries of Stapleton and Clifton, and to our right appear Forts Wadsworth and Tompkins, the Staten Island guardians of the Narrows, which, by the way, can be easily reached from the Clifton station of the railroad, and are well worthy of a visit. They are now the strongest and most interesting fortifications of the harbor, and the obliging commanding officer will always permit one of his men to show the visitor about the precincts. The old-fashioned stone walls of Fort Wadsworth, at the water's edge, would probably withstand the fire of modern artillery but a few hours; but Fort Tompkins, above, is simply the hill, itself, improved outwardly, and honey-combed within — a minor Gibraltar of earth, in which cannon-balls or shells by the hundred might bury themselves at their own sweet will, without disturbing the garrison.

Beyond the forts the eye reaches over the Quarantine Islands, the length of the Lower Bay, and the gleaming beach of Sandy Hook, to the Navesink Highlands and the great Atlantic itself. In the southwest we see Coney Island's observatory and hotels — then, ranging northward, our eyes take in the granite walls and grassy batteries of Fort Hamilton, on the Long Island shore; Fort Lafayette, gutted and desolate in its watery isolation; the bluffs and villas and inlying fields of Bay Ridge; and Brooklyn's spires and roofs. And between them and us lies the bay, just ruffled by the south wind and dotted with white sails and the dark hulls of anchored vessels.

An enormous, four-masted Atlantic liner has just let go her anchor off Stapleton, below us. A black crowd of emigrants covers her decks, and, as we look, the Health Officer's tug, flying its yellow flag, rounds to alongside, and the doctor trips up the companion ladder to examine the future American citizens. Further in-shore the fleet of anchored yachts and pilot schooners



from this height seem like toy-boats resting on the water. Further up, off Tompkinsville, lie scores of ships and barks, and away beyond, under the Bay Ridge shore, tapering spars and raking smoke-stacks and gleaming white sails betray the anchorage of the Atlantic Yacht Club. Useless to try to enumerate or describe the steamers and ships, barks and barkentines, brigantines, schooners, and sloops under sail, bound up or down the bay. To and from all ports and countries they come and go in an endless procession, bewildering to the unpractised eye, but telling volumes to him who knows what cargoes they bring and take, and how each adds its mite to the wealth of the land.

Standing here it was, and on the bluffs above the Narrows, that on Evacuation Day, 1783, the Staten Islanders saw the last of the British fleet, and that army which in the course of seven years had bullied them into a state of ardent patriotism, surprising to themselves.

Looking down upon the decks of the ships, as they passed silently out through the Narrows, writes an eye-witness, "we were very boisterous in our demonstrations of joy; we shouted, we clapped our hands, we waved our hats, we sprang into the air, and some few, who had brought muskets with them, fired a *feu de joie*; a few others, in the exuberance of their gladness, indulged in gestures which, though very expressive, were neither polite nor judicious;" but, just then, a line-of-battle ship, getting mad, let fly a gun, and plumped a round shot into the bank beneath them; and the valiant Patriots took to their heels.

Not all the Islanders, though, were so glad to see the soldiers depart. Full many a matron and maid cried bitterly that day over the going of red-coated husband or lover, and would not be comforted—no, not for at least a year.

Following the Serpentine Road we now pass the residence of Mr. William Butler Duncan. Many other notable New Yorkers have their country-seats on this hill and on the slopes just beyond the Narrows, facing the Lower Bay. Among them are Sir Roderick Cameron, Mr. J. J. Alexandre, the steamship owner; Mr. James M. Davis, President of the First National Bank of Staten Island; Messrs. A. L. King, W. W. Macfarland, Davis Johnson, and Lewis H. Meyer.

Then, winding down the hillside, and leaving on our left the home of Captain Jacob Vanderbilt, we turn into the Clove Road, one of the oldest and most picturesque in the county, and a walk of about a mile northwestward brings us to the Clove Lake.

To the New Yorker, surfeited with the sight of salt tidewaters, this quiet little gem of a pond is a positive relief. Oak and chestnut, beech and sumach, cover its winding shores, and mirror themselves in its surface, and the thirsty pedestrian may drink his fill of its pure, cool waters. At the western end, where the water slides gently over a dam, on its way to the Kill von Kull, stand the ruins of an ancient grist-mill, but recently destroyed by fire.

Nothing now remains of it but the solid stone foundations, a mass of charred timbers and twisted iron-work, and the old wheel. It makes a very pretty picture, though, even yet, with the trees looking sorrowfully down upon it, and the white water foaming up at the foot of the dam, and brawling away down stream over the pebbles.

Lying here in the shade, watching the fishes dart to and fro through the

CLOVE LAKE.





clear crystal water, with only the song of birds and the soft dabbling drip from the dam in our ears, thoughts of the city and business cares take flight. Our cigars burn evenly, a little breeze rustles the leaves above us; all our surroundings breathe of peace and quiet, and we are in the mood to hear a little legend. And this is the one which the oak-leaves whisper:

#### A LEGEND OF CLOVE LAKE.

Years and years ago there lived a maiden of the Delawares in her father's wigwam near the banks of the Fresh Kills. A pretty little thing she was—rather brown of complexion, to be sure, but slight and graceful of figure; and her hazel eyes were big and soft and speaking; and her hair was black as coal, and hung to her knees—that is, when it was not twisted into strings and decked with the beautiful beads of colored glass which were her pride. A stern old warrior was her father; but, though an Indian, he was very fond of his little maid. Twice a year, in fall and spring, he gave her a new blanket of approved style, got by hook or crook from the Dutch traders; and she was never set to work in his maize and tobacco fields with her mother and sister, but might fish, or gather oysters, or swim, or simply wander about through the woods, at her pleasure. And so it came to pass that in her walks she began to meet a certain good-looking young Hollander who had but lately landed on the island, and lived in a commodious, bark-roofed hut on the South Shore. Well, as men and maids will do, they fell in love. To be sure, neither could speak the other's tongue, but perhaps the youth thought that rather an advantage than otherwise, and preferred simply looking into her eyes to conversing by word of mouth.

And by and by they came to so good an understanding that they selected as a trysting-place a secluded nook near the bank of the stream which now forms the Clove Lake, and met there whenever occasion offered. He gave her beads for her hair, and a knife—a treasure indeed in those days—and once, in the nick of time, he espied a panther which was about to spring upon her, and killed it out of hand. And then she respected him, and would have introduced him to the wigwam and papa. But papa did not take kindly to the idea, and plainly informed his little daughter that, unless her admirer ceased his attentions, he would deal with him pretty severely—and she knew he would keep his word, and mourned, and burned his breakfast next morning, and in many other little feminine ways made the paternal life uncomfortable. And, whenever she got a chance, she continued to meet her lover, as before, for she had grown to love him dearly, and wished only that he were of her own nation, that she might be his drudge and slave, as other Indian women were to their husbands. But, one evening, as they sat hand in hand beside the stream, a fierce face looked out from the bushes behind them, and a hatchet rose and fell and buried itself in the young man's brain; and the Indian girl, with her lover's body lying at her feet, grew a woman on the instant, and drew the knife he had given her, and thrust it deep into her heart, and sank down beside him, dead. And that is the end of the story; but it leaves one much to think about.

#### TODT HILL.

Retracing our steps over the Clove Road, we toil up a steep, winding roadway to the top of Todt Hill, the highest point of the Island.

RUINS OF OLD MILL ON CLOYE LAKE.





Looking south, over the flat and fertile fields, reaching from the foot of the hill to the line of the South Beach, we see again the Lower Bay, Sandy Hook, the Highlands, and the ocean—a fair prospect, indeed, in itself. But a surprise awaits us. When we turn our eyes to the northward and westward, Staten Island, in all its beauty of hill and valley, woodland and farm and village, lies spread out before us.

To the westward we can trace the windings of the Arthur Kill, and overlook the flat New Jersey shores beyond. In the north we see the Kill von Kull and Newark Bay and the houses of Bergen Point, Bayonne, and Greenville, in New Jersey. Even distant Newark is shown to us, beneath the blue profile of the Orange Mountains. But, really, no words can fitly tell the beauty of the view from this spot, which, if in Germany, would long ago have been utilized for a beer-garden, and otherwise properly honored.

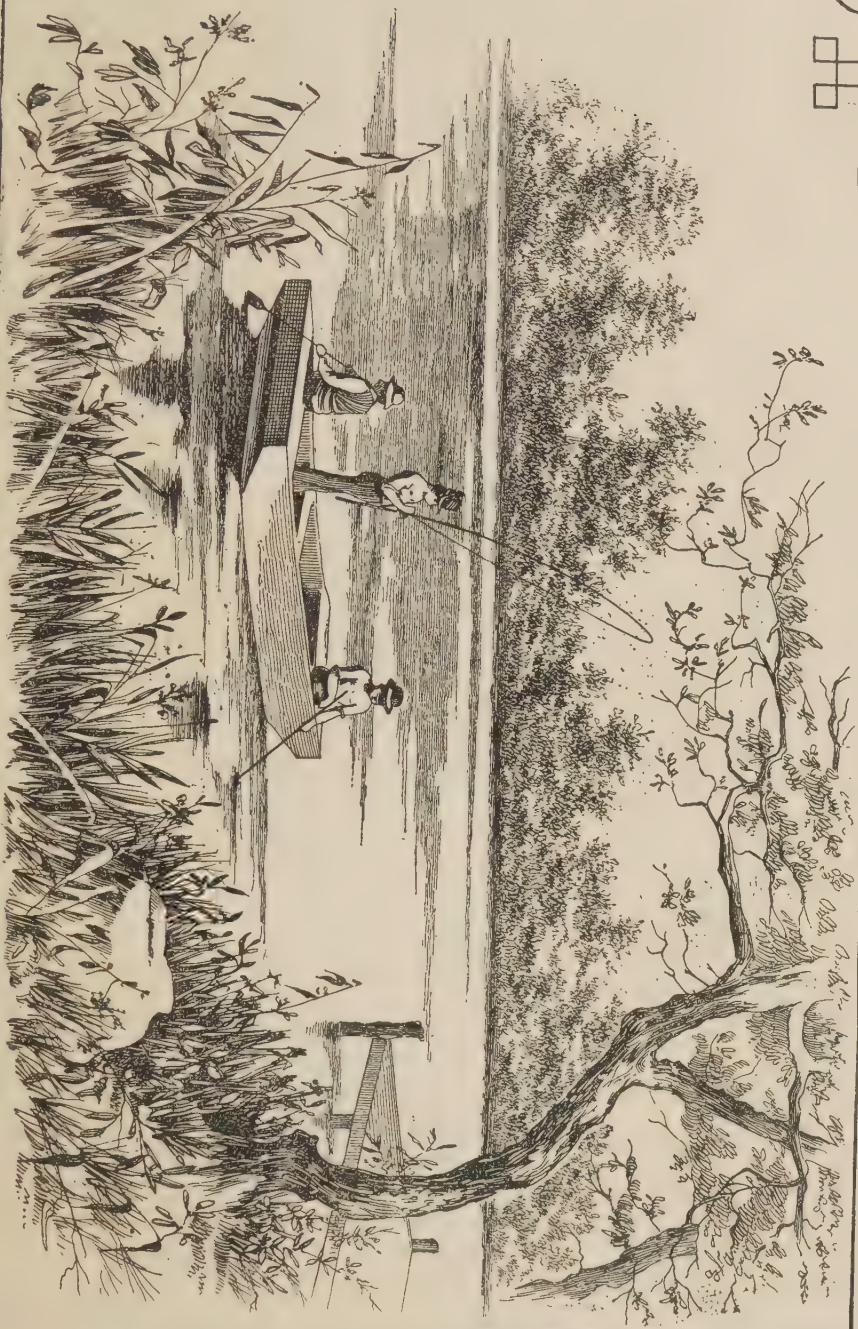
During the Revolution, upon a tall tree on Todt Hill, the British kept lookouts constantly stationed; and it is related that lightning three times struck this tree. Twice the men were killed—the third time it was the tree which suffered; then the station was given up—greatly, no doubt, to the relief of Captain Adam Hyler and his associate whaleboat-men, whom it had somewhat worried.

An object of interest from a commercial point of view the hill is, also; for it contains large deposits of iron ore. One of the so-called mines, which, in truth, are but shallow excavations like gravel-pits, was worked by the early Dutch settlers, over two hundred years ago, and, from some of the others, great quantities of the ore have since been taken. Now, however, for some reason, work in them has been suspended.

Down the steep hillside the road winds again. Several times deep, romantic, wooded ravines tempt us to explore them; but we refrain. And, by and by, we reach the Manor Road, and trudge manfully on northward; and at last are rewarded by the sight of the big Constanz Brewery at the Four Corners looming up ahead. Warm and dusty and tired, it is very pleasant to sit at ease in the comfortable restaurant attached to the brewery, and lunch, and drink moderately of the cool, foaming beer, and leisurely smoke and chat; but we have quite a walk ahead of us yet, and must not dally here too long.

At Castleton Four Corners the road is crossed by the Richmond Turnpike. Into this we wheel, turning our faces toward the east, and follow it to where, about two miles above, a short road, branching off to the left, leads to Silver Lake, the source of the little stream, which, flowing through Clove Lake and several other lakes below it, empties into the Kill von Kull; this pretty sheet of water is the best known on the island, to New Yorkers. It is not as quiet and romantic, to be sure, as Clove Lake, for its shores form a much-visited picnic ground, and merry maidens and their swains disport themselves in row-boats upon its surface; and a restaurant stands hard by, at which refreshments, both solid and liquid, may be had—still, it is one of the sights of the island, and we must not miss it.

Once again on the Richmond Turnpike a walk of a little over a mile brings us again to Tompkinsville, and our eyes are gladdened anew by a sight of the bay. From the railroad stations on the North Shore a number of other interesting points in the interior of the island can be easily reached on foot, though, indeed, one may take stage to many of them if he will.



SILVER LAKE.



## OLD PLACE.

It is well worth while to stroll back from Erastina to Old Place, a quaint little settlement on a creek running up through the salt meadows from the Arthur Kill. An old grist-mill stands beside the creek, weather-beaten and shingled from roof to foundation, like that at Richmond. The wheel is gone, and the tide ebbs and flows through the useless sluice-gates. Two old, cracked mill-stones, half sunk in the ground, form the door-step ; but the door itself and the many tiny windows are tightly closed, and the place looks dead and forgotten, as it really is. Across the road, on a grassy slope, shaded by a great, wide-spreading willow, stands the miller's low, white cottage, deserted too. The only living thing in sight is an elderly white horse, meekly cropping the grass in a neighboring field and regarding us with mildly inquiring eyes. From the old-fashioned well-sweep hangs a curious, nine-sided oaken bucket, which we drop into the well and draw up filled with pure, sweet water. Near by we espy cosy farmhouses, half hidden among the fruitful apple trees, and, looking out over the salt meadows, see the line of the Arthur Kill, the New Jersey hills, and the city of Elizabethport. A very quiet spot it is, in truth, but vastly pleasing to the eye.

## WILLOW BROOK.

At Willow Brook, about two miles back of Port Richmond, is another small mill, beside as pretty a little mill-pond as one would wish to see, its banks fringed with alder bushes and overhung by weeping willows, and a little stream fading over the broken dam and winding away among rocks and bushes, babbling merrily the while.

## THE BULL'S HEAD.

Bull's Head, near Willow Brook, at the crossing of the Richmond Turnpike and the Morning Star Road, was once a famous locality, and took its name from a small, low tavern which stood on one of the corners, until destroyed by fire. Queer stories are told of the doings at this old inn, which was for years after the Revolution a favorite meeting-place of gamblers. And mighty tough customers some of these ungodly men no doubt were ; but the worst one appears, by all accounts, to have been a mysterious gentleman of dark complexion and fiery eyes, who, not content with regularly cleaning out the pockets of all who dared play against him, had an unpleasant way of appearing to the company in the shape of a big, black dog or some other equally ferocious beast, and then insisting upon escorting some one of the players home. So greatly did he alarm the other frequenters of the inn that at last, it is said, they forsook the house entirely — which must have been a bad job for the landlord, to say the least.

But it would be out of the question, within reasonable limits, to note fully each place worthy of visit, or the many charming bits of roadside scenery which meet the eye at every turn on this beautiful island. Enough we have seen, however, to make us wish to explore it more thoroughly ; and so we will not say good-by, but merely *au revoir*.

## CONCLUSION.

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Be it understood, however, that it is not alone as a dwelling-place and playground that Staten Island now looms to the fore.

Growing enormously, decade after decade, the commerce of New York, which once found the warehouses and wharves of its own city water-front ample for its purposes, long since discovered the need of making use of the neighboring shores of New Jersey and Long Island, and to-day long lines of storehouses and wharves and a fringe of masts stretch along the water-fronts of Brooklyn and Jersey City.

Now, whereas New York Harbor boasts shore lines of some hundred and fifty miles, owing to shallowness of water, distance, and other economical considerations, but a limited part of this can be made available for warehousing and shipping purposes. Upon a still smaller part is it possible, to quote a master of the subject, to effect the union of the three great factors of commerce, namely, the receipt of merchandise by sea and rail, its storage from sea and rail, and its shipment by sea and rail. Jersey City's two miles of available water-front are already taken up. New York, reached by only one of the trunk lines of railroad, and that from the North, is inaccessible by rail from the West and South, while Brooklyn, on Long Island, the great storage reservoir of the Atlantic coast, is entirely cut off from railway communication with North, West, or South, every pound of merchandise which enters or leaves her warehouses having to come or go by water. This condition of affairs, imposing a heavy burden in the shape of terminal charges, alike upon the farmer and planter of the West and South, and the merchant of New York, and placing the last at a decided disadvantage by the side of his competitors in Philadelphia or Baltimore, will soon become a thing of the past. For, with the completion of the bridges from New Jersey to Staten Island, over the Arthur Kill, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company will run its trains over them directly to its terminus at Saint George, the northern point of the island, from which extend on each hand miles upon miles of good, available water-front, washed by the deep, navigable waters of the Kill von Kull and the harbor, and offering unequalled facilities for commercial and manufacturing pursuits.

With the head of this great, far-reaching Trunk Line once resting on the Staten Island shores, receipt by rail and sea, storage from rail and sea, and shipment by rail and sea at one convenient spot on the harbor of New York will at



last be feasible. The products of the great West and South will pass directly from the cars of the railroad company into warehouses or elevators, and thence into waiting ships and beyond sea ; those of other climes, discharged from incoming vessels into these same warehouses, will go by rail as promptly and directly to their destinations ; the manufacturer will be enabled to ship his wares practically from his own door to the great markets of the West and South.

A new and glorious future is thus opened up to the Island, which a few years ago would have been looked upon as the dream of some half-crazed enthusiast.

The merchant, long hampered by the expense of lightering his goods from distant Brooklyn warehouses to the shipping points at Jersey City ; the Western farmer, in turn oppressed by the burden of double elevator charges on his grain ; the manufacturer, exasperated by excessive charges for carting his wares to far-off freight stations, will be quick to see and grasp the advantages which Staten Island and the new, direct route to the far interior hold out to him, and before many years we shall see the Island's shores, from Howland's Hook to Saint George, and thence to the Narrows, lined with ships from all lands ; with wharves and warehouses and manufactories, all alive with commercial activity. New and prosperous industries will spring up on every hand, bringing an influx of thrifty and desirable settlers, whose dwellings will cover the hillsides and valleys ; the means of communication with New York, Long Island, and New Jersey will become more and more frequent, rapid, and comprehensive ; and in course of time, busy, wealthy, and populous Staten Island will take the rightful place to which its geographical position and natural gifts entitle it, ranking — in the words of one of its chief citizens, Mr. Erastus Wiman — as “ the greatest suburb, of the greatest city, of the greatest country, under the sun.”

# STEAMBOAT TIME TABLE.

## From New York to Saint George.

FARE, TEN CENTS.

1.00	3.30	5.10	6.50
1.45	3.55	5.35	7.15
2.10	4.20	6.00	7.40
3.00	4.45	6.25	8.00

## From Saint George to New York.

FARE, TEN CENTS.

2.50	4.30	6.10	8.45
3.15	4.55	6.35	9.30
3.40	5.20	7.15	10.15
4.05	5.45	8.00	11.00

## THE "METS"

Will Play their Home Games on the Saint George Grounds  
as follows:

With Brooklyn,	-	-	-	-	Aug. 19, 20, 21, 24, 26.
" Athletics,	-	-	-	-	Aug. 27, 28, 30.
" Baltimore,	-	-	-	-	Sept. 3, 4, 6.
" St. Louis,	-	-	-	-	Sept. 10, 13, 16.
" Cincinnati,	-	-	-	-	Sept. 11, 14, 15.
" Pittsburg,	-	-	-	-	Sept. 17, 20, 21.
" Louisville,	-	-	-	-	Sept. 18, 21.



# WATER FIREWORKS.

## FAIRY-LAND CONCERTS.

THE STATEN ISLAND AMUSEMENT COMPANY most respectfully announce the opening of their

### New Summer Evening Resort,

#### AT SAINT GEORGE, STATEN ISLAND.

These new and beautiful Grounds are most attractive in point of location ; composed of seven acres of greensward on the shore of New York Bay, they are within twenty minutes of the Battery, the terminus of the entire New York Elevated Railroad system, and are reached, every few minutes, by the largest and most comfortable line of steam ferry-boats in the world at a fare of only ten cents.

The chief feature of the Entertainment to be offered this season will be an Exhibition of the most novel and brilliant Electrical effects, in the shape of

### Fountains of Illuminated Water.

This elegant device was invented by Colonel Sir Francis Bolton, the eminent English engineer, and has been exhibited with remarkable success in Kensington Gardens, London, during the last three years, having been witnessed by hundreds of thousands of people. By an expenditure of nearly \$40,000, an entirely new series of Fountains have been constructed at Saint George ; and, in the judgment of prominent electricians, a more effective and perfect electrical outfit has never before been gathered together. Fifteen jets of water are to ascend into the air one hundred feet, and being illuminated from the bottom by an aggregation equal to 150,000 candle-power, effects most brilliant and bewildering are produced.

These fountain effects, which are the most marvellous of modern exhibitions, can be viewed from the Grounds, or from the beautiful Casino Pavilion, which has excited so much admiration, and which has a seating capacity for 8000 persons, all of whom may, at all times, enjoy a vision of beauty in a view down the Bay and through the Narrows. The setting of the Grounds with electrical and other appliances will render them very attractive, aside from the Fountain displays.

A still further attraction is furnished by Open-air Concerts, of the finest music, every evening, by

### Cappa's 7th Regiment Band,

A special *repertoire*, for which Mr. CAPP has made careful preparation, will be provided ; and the programmes presented every night will comprise the finest and best music of the day, produced under the most favorable circumstances, by artists universally known as the best out-door musical organization in the country.

Most ample facilities have been provided in the Pavilion for Dining, Ice Cream and other Refreshment, under the care of, and with the immediate supervision of Mr. PURSELL, the well-known high-class and reliable caterer.

Boats leave the Battery, for this special entertainment, every night (except day), 7.15, 7.40, and 8. Returning at 9.30, 9.50, and 10.15. Fare, 10c.

Admission to Grounds, Grand Stand, and Concert, 25 cents. Children, 15